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[THE BYSTANDER, MAY 6, 1936.

The BYSTANDER

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FRANCE—*continued.*

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GERMANY—*continued.*

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HOLLAND—*continued.*

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The Bystander, May 6, 1936

The BYSTANDER

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Armida — by Gerald L. Brockhurst, A.R.A.

Gerald Brockhurst habitually supplies the Royal Academy with two or three of its most attractive and talked-of portraits. This year is no exception; he has his full A.R.A.'s allowance of six exhibits, including two portraits of men—Capt. Frank Stanley-Clark and his brother-in-law, Mr. St. George. Other pictures at Burlington House are reproduced on pp. 240-1, 250 and 252 of this issue

Howard Coster

Promoters of Employment: No. 2. The Rt. Hon. Herbert Morrison, P.C.

Herbert Morrison, who is forty-five this year, was an errand boy at thirteen and Mayor of Hackney at twenty-nine, meantime having been shop assistant, telephone operator, and newspaper man. His political career developed via trade unionism and local government to secretaryship of the London Labour Party, the House of Commons, chairmanship of the National Labour Party in 1928-9, and the Ministry of Transport in 1929-31. (During his tenure of that office the egg was laid that hatched, under the National Government that followed, the London Transport Board.) But it is as Leader of the London County Council from 1934 to 1937 that Mr. Morrison qualifies as a "promoter of employment." Housing and slum-clearance operations have been greatly enlarged and accelerated by the Labour Council he leads; in the year to March 1936 4500 houses and flats were built on Council estates as against 3096 in 1933-4, and on March 31st this year nearly 8000 were under construction, giving direct employment to 7970 men compared with 2870 in March 1934. And on Waterloo Bridge the Council is spending £1,295,000—more than the Special Areas got in the Budget. During the last few weeks Mr. Morrison has been lecture-touring in America

THE PASSING HOUR

Comments and Asides on the Affairs of the Day

By A. G. Macdonell

IT is a well-known axiom that German diplomacy is, and always has been, the stupidest in the world. To realise the truth of that sweeping statement, one has only to glance at the German diplomatic clumsiness in the years between the Kaiser's telegram to Kruger and the sinking of the Lusitania. A perfect example is just on the point of coming to hand. There is a large section of the British people which still feels in sympathy with Germany, partly out of irritation with the selfish folly and short-sighted avarice of the French, partly out of an obscure feeling that we are all Teutonic cousins, partly out of a self-conscious desire to appear as "sportsmen" to a defeated country, and partly because it is not generally understood that the spirit of Stresemann is as dead in Germany as that great man himself. In consequence of this friendly feeling, this large section of public opinion—mainly Conservative—regarded with a tolerant eye the re-arming of Germany, the introduction of conscription, even the occupation of the Rhineland. It was all a little tiresome, but nothing more.

But now the Germans, having gained so much, begin to tug and haul and hoist their diplomatic batteries into position. The ancient and dilapidated engines creak into action and open fire, and presto! the Tory ranks in this country quiver with rage and form themselves into a serried circle, like cows protecting their young, heads outwards and horns alert. The salvo which has done the damage is the suggestion that Germany should be given back her colonies. This only means that South Africa should hand over Damaraland, and we Tanganyika. Squeals of protest are rising into the air wherever two or three Conservatives are gathered together, and the German cause in this country is being damaged far more severely than it has been by all the treaty-breaking, all the goose-stepping, and all the Jew-torturing.

Personally, I am in favour of restoring the Caroline Islands and the Marshall Islands to Germany, and inviting Herren Hitler, Göring, and Goebels, to go and collect them. They are situated in the South Seas and at present are a Japanese Mandate.

A FEW weeks ago I mentioned, as an ugly sign of Central European unrest, the collapse of the Austrian Phœnix Insurance Company. The last has not been heard of that by a long chalk. The latest development is the publication by the Austrian Government of the list of persons and institutions which have in the past accepted bribes from the Phœnix. The list is rather staggering. It consists of twenty-four pages of names, and it shows that about a million pounds have been dished out during the last five years. Among the beneficiaries of this immense graft are Viennese newspapers, Nazi organisations, and Prince Starhemberg's Heimwehr. It is possible that this last disclosure may go a long way towards the discrediting of the Prince, whose bellicose speeches have been causing a good deal of uneasiness. On the other hand, the man who controls a fighting force of armed men in these unhappy days can stand a good deal of discrediting without being unduly worried. It is only when his armed men begin to turn on him that his troubles really begin.

But there can be no doubt whatever that the storm-centre of Europe has shifted from the Rhineland to Austria.

A GLORIOUS leg-pull is reported from America. For years the Presidents of the United States have been harassed by the demands of the "veterans" of the World War for a bonus for their services. Those of us who took a swipe at the Bosche in our time—when we were younger and better men—have always giggled a bit over the "veteran" stuff, because the longest period of active belligerence of any of these heroes was about five months. Nevertheless, we all recognise that America is a land of world-records, and America has the natural right to possess the least military veterans in the world.

Now it appears that even America is laughing at the ludicrous pretentions of these alleged warriors. Princeton University has founded the Association of Veterans of Future Wars, which demands its war-bonus in advance! The idea is

Swaebe

The Somersets See Their Ancestor

The Duke and Duchess of Somerset and their son, Lord Seymour, were at the première of "Tudor Rose," at the New Gallery, in which Felix Aylmer plays Edward Seymour, the first Duke of Somerset and Lord Protector of England during two years of Edward VI.'s reign

sweeping the States. Chicago has added a slogan, "We will make the world safe for hypocrisy," and a College in New York has formed an Association of Foreign Correspondents of Future Wars, and is demanding a Federal appropriation of cash "to establish training-courses for members of the Association in the writing of atrocity stories." The finishing touch has been put by Vassar, the famous ladies' University, where an affiliated organisation has been formed called, "The Association of Gold Star Mothers of Future Veterans." (For classical scholars among our readers, I would like to emphasise the appropriateness of the word "affiliated.")

The real, or, rather, the semi-real, veterans are up in arms, many of them for the first time in their lives, against this sacrilegious parody. Perhaps they realise that, while Congressmen can be squared, Senators intimidated, and even Presidents harried, the weapon of ridicule is something stronger and more deadly than anything they have yet encountered.

IF there is one boast which we Scots habitually make (actually there are one hundred and forty-six separate boasts which we Scots habitually make) it is that our system of education is the finest in the world. We point to our ancient Universities, to our pre-Winchester Grammar Schools, and to the products of the country manses. But what must the world think of us when it reads in its daily journals that the students of Edinburgh University, on the occasion of the installation of Lord Allenby as Lord Rector, kidnapped a distinguished actress from the theatre in which she was playing, knocked her about, bruised her face, and reduced her in an hour or two to a state of nervous shock? This is the culture of which we are so proud. This is the civilisation of art and letters of Scotland. It is high time that the English—that patient and long-suffering race—turned in their long sleep and debunked at least one hundred and forty-four of our boasts. And the first one that ought to be debunked is the notion that a Scottish University student is, on the average, anything else but an arrogant, pretentious, boorish, and ill-mannered hooligan. Scottish papers please copy.

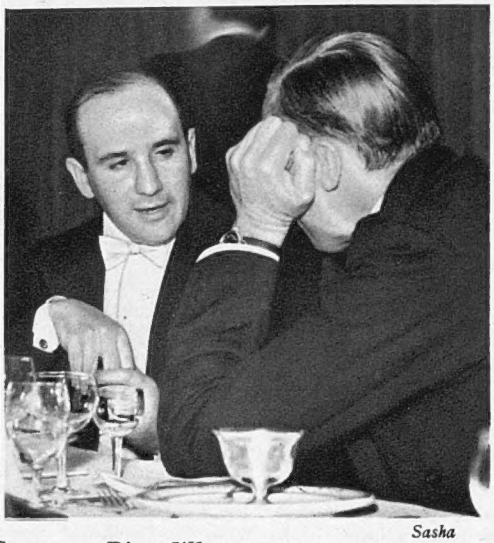
IT is a pleasant task to have to chronicle this week that the cricket season is now in full swing. The lesser fry among our esteemed contemporaries have dug out and dusted the traditional bit of type which makes the headline, "Return of King Willow," and small boys are busy chalking up wickets against walls and playing at "Hobbs and Hendren," or whoever their especial heroes of the moment may be. There will be no desperate series of Test matches this year—for although we have lost in succession to Australia, the West Indies, and South Africa, I do not think we shall lose to the Indians—but the season will be overshadowed by the feverish quest for a bowler who will stand a chance of outing the redoubtable Don Bradman and his men for a reasonable score next winter. At the moment it is difficult to see where such a man is to be found.

THE speech about the B.B.C. made in the House of Commons by Sir Stafford Cripps has set the wireless lads a-buzz. He accused the pundits of the Corporation of a mixture of stupidity, incompetence, and unwarrantable interference in the private lives of the staff. According to Sir Stafford, the Director-General appears to have "unlimited dictatorial authority" over the private lives of his subordinates, and there is no security of tenure nor method of promotion. His charges certainly ought to be proved or withdrawn. The next move would seem to be with Sir John Reith.

Sir Stafford, by the way, is an example of how far the ancient traditions of Winchester are being discarded in these days. The lads who were educated at that celebrated College were always brought up in the past to avoid any kind of display, to adhere strictly to the principles of "good form" which had been handed down for generations, and to shun the limelight. All that has changed now. Sir Stafford's political opinions would make William of Wykeham turn in his grave; so would Mr. A. P. Herbert's witty revues; so would Mr. D. R. Jardine's ruthlessness on the cricket field; so would Sir Oswald Mosley's shirt.

THE famous leakage of the Budget secrets has not yet been solved, but some pretty nasty rumours are flying about. It is being freely alleged that the secret was actually given away by a Cabinet Minister. (I need hardly add that I am well aware of the existence of the Libel Laws and do not propose to come within their scope if I can help it.) A certain news-sheet called *The Week*, which is circulated every Thursday to its subscribers, has come out with as near a plain accusation as is humanly possible without actually mentioning a name. Indeed, so palpably obvious is it, and so recklessly extravagant is the language, that it looks as if *The Week* were deliberately challenging a libel action. But I am not. So let us pass on.

WHAT a magnificent gesture of Lady Diana Cooper's in going to the opera in morning dress (or the feminine equivalent of morning dress) and a hat! In one single minute she has exploded all the ludicrous snobbery which has been allowed to accumulate round the least beautiful of all the arts. Opera is theatre without a play, and actors without any acting. It is also a concert without form, and lovely songs interspersed with acres of dreariness. If it was compulsory to sing all operas in English, the bottom would soon fall out of every opera except the *Meistersinger* and all Mozart. The handsome and romantic tenor may get away with a bit of recitative if no one understands what it is all about. The illusion would be harder to keep up if the audience knew he was saying "May I offer you a sardine sandwich?" So vive her Ladyship!



To celebrate the opening of the huge new men's shop, Simpson, Ltd., that now stands, green and white and horizontally modern, on the south side of Piccadilly, a huge banquet was given at Grosvenor House. Among the magnates there were Sir Herbert Morgan and Lord Winterton (top left); Mr. Austin Reed, chairman of the famous—and rival—firm, Sir Charles Seligman, head of the banking firm of that name; and Sir Noel Curtis Bennett and Lord Sempill (below left). Below is Mr. Alexander Simpson, managing director of Simpson's, talking to Lord Barnby

Sasha

Mr. Simpson Comes to Piccadilly

Mr. John Max Muller, Miss Jeanne Stourton, and Mr. and Mrs. Charles Sweeny went to the first night, when the opera season had a grand send-off with a full performance of "Die Meistersinger"

Above, right: Mrs. Myrtle d'Erlanger is talking to Lady Rosslyn and her elder son, the Hon. Hamish St. Clair-Erskine

Musical Nights at Covent Garden

The Opera Season Began Last Week

Right: Lord and Lady Moore arrived with Lord Moore's sister, Lady Patricia Latham, who wore a black and white striped dress

Right: the Duchess of Buccleuch and the Duke of Marlborough are both box-holders this year and went together

Below right: Lady Esher, who is another box-holder, took her debutante daughter, the Hon. Nancy Brett, with her

Below: Dr. and Mrs. Malcolm Sargent were there on the first night. He was conducting at the Charity Ballet Gala on Monday this week, and wrote the music for a new ballet specially for the occasion

Swaebe

Organising Last Monday's Charity Gala of Ballet

Miss Phyllis Bedells, who arranged part of the programme and whose daughter was dancing, is with Lady Moira Combe and Mrs. R. Cresswell, the organiser of the gala

Miss Ninette de Valois, who is talking to Mr. Patrick de Laszlo, composed the new ballet given by the Vic-Wells Company to Malcolm Sargent's specially-written music

Going Out to Goings-On

The "Bystander" Records the Social Round

MUSICAL critics may fight and spar, but we enjoyed *Rigoletto* at Covent Garden on Tuesday last week, especially as it began at the reasonable hour of eight-thirty

The Woolworth heiress, Countess Haugwitz-Reventlow, and Mrs. Thursby sat in a box, Mrs. Marshall Field, looking very pretty and sparkling with diamonds, in one opposite on a lower tier.

Interest centred round the Titian heads of Diana Napier—with fiancé Richard Tauber—and Mrs. "Foxy" Gwynne, in an entrancing cloak of her silver nickname-sakes.

Up in the foyer bar we saw Sir Adrian and Lady Baillie with Mr. John Hallett, tall Mrs. Euan Wallace, and Lady Milbanke, looking lovely in pale-blue satin. She has dark, dreamy eyes and a peaceful expression that is more attractive than words can describe, after some of the piercing, inquisitive glances that dart round Mayfair.

Very Gay and Young

THE sun shone on golden-haired Miss Vivienne Parker when she married Mr. Michael Barclay at St. James's, Piccadilly, last Tuesday. Her dress of lacquered white-and-silver brocade was lovely, and her mother, Lady Tresham Lever, wore a most becoming blue ensemble.

Among the guests we noticed that popular girl Miss Dodo West, who "chaperoned" the youthful bride in St. Moritz last winter; two lovely ex-debs, Miss Susan Bligh and Miss Pamela Grant-Sturgis; Mrs. Charles Sweeny, always the most beautiful young-married at any function; Mrs. Claud Leigh, in a short white coat and smart white cone-shaped hat. Her tall, blonde daughter, Joyce, was with her.

It was a very gay, very young affair (the bride is only twenty), at which the first breath of real summer weather seemed entirely in keeping.

A Christening-Party

IT was either there or at the charity cocktail-party at Lady Cowdray's just afterwards that we encountered Irene Mann-Thompson, one of the prettiest and most unspoilt of the younger beauties. She was full of an enjoyable Easter holiday, spent with her mother, Mrs. FitzGerald, at Le Touquet, and afterwards in Paris.

One of Mrs. FitzGerald's elder daughters, Mrs. George Heneage, is celebrating the christening of her two-months-old daughter next week, with a large cocktail-party at Quaglino's. Fifty tenants from their Scottish estate, Killochan Castle, who are being brought to London for the christening ceremony, have never been to any town before, not even to their native village, Glasgow.

The Heneages are the extremely unusual couple who married, divorced, and married again. They have now a son and daughter, one by each marriage, and are in some doubt whether they are step-brother and sister or not!

(*Continued on page 228*)

Guests on Their Way to the Dawnay—Scott Wedding Reception

The Countess of Bradford is a sister-in-law of the Dowager Duchess of Buccleuch

Lady Anne Babington is the Earl and Countess of Ellesmere's eldest daughter

Lady Susan Askew is Lady Anne Babington's sister

Lieut.-Com. Peter Dawnay, R.N., is the second son of the late Major the Hon. Hugh Dawnay, and Lady Susan Dawnay, of Whitfield Court, Waterford; Lady Angela Montagu-Douglas-Scott is the youngest daughter of the late Duke of Buccleuch, and sister of the present Duke, who gave her away at her wedding. Her sister, the Duchess of Gloucester, and the Duke of Gloucester were among the guests. The reception after the wedding was held at the Buccleuchs' house in Grosvenor Place

In the wedding group on the right, besides the bride and bridegroom, are Captain David Dawnay, who was best man to his brother; the two grown-up bridesmaids, Lady Rachel Douglas-Home and Miss Jean Scott; and the six child attendants, who were Lady Caroline Scott, Renira Hawkins, Diana Phipps, nieces of the bride, Blanche and Rachel Dawnay, nieces of the bridegroom, and the Hon. Elizabeth Cholmondeley. They all wore creamy white satin, like the bride, with wreaths and bouquets of fresh flowers

Yevonde

Last Week's Big Wedding at St. Margaret's

Lt.-Commander Peter Dawnay and Lady Angela Scott

Christine, Viscountess Churchill, was another of the enormous number of guests at the wedding

Lady Helen Smith, the Countess of Eldon, who is Lord Lovat's sister, and Miss Mary Lindley, Lady Hardwicke's sister, arrived together

Lady Hambro had her two attractive-looking daughters with her, Miss Patsy and Miss Susan Hambro

Going Out to Goings-On *(Continued)*

The People Who Know

LONDON is a happier, sunnier, and more cheerful place for the return of Lord and Lady Plunket. They have been in America for the last three months, and visited Hollywood and Mexico during their travels.

If we were asked to compile a list of popular women, Dorothée Plunket would be a long way up top. She is very pretty, witty and kind, with a heart of pure gold.

She is deservedly adored by those people of great discernment, the cloak-room attendants of the popular clubs and restaurants, and, like the shop assistants who serve the rich and the famous, believe us, they *know*.

A Rush Attack

AT *Love from a Stranger*, that particularly sinister thriller at the New Theatre, we saw Mr. and Mrs. Richard Arlen, with Eddie Tatham and the Ralph Cobbolds. A film version of *The Great Divide* is being filmed by British Gaumont with Dick Arlen in the lead.

He and his wife are a charming couple, who have escaped from the usual film-star hotel to a quiet, old-fashioned flat in Westminster. We would not dream of saying " where," for, judging by the rush attack of the programme girls and other fans that night, the poor man would have no peace.

Lady Brownlow, looking happily much stronger, and extremely pretty, was in the stalls that night, and the Duke and Duchess of Sutherland in a box.

A Wistful Hope

SOME of our much younger friends are enquiring anxiously whether the Court being in half-mourning will mean a dull season. We can allay their anxiety.

Entertaining may be of a quieter kind, but sub-debs, debs, and post-debs, complete with youthful cavaliers, will have their fun.

We saw several very gay young people's parties at the San Marco the other evening. You know the sort of party—Mamma, well preserved, almost too youthful for the black lace she thinks she ought to wear " now that Patricia is out," several hearty young men, restlessly wagging their feet to tunes like " I 'm Going to Sit Right Down and Write Myself a Letter," and the heroine of the evening, divinely flushed and excited, with a white flower behind her ear.

It all makes you feel a thousand years old and gives you a lump in your throat that you somehow don't mind. You feel conscious of a wistful hope that they will be spared some of the appalling knocks that life dealt you, not long after you think you looked as young, and felt as gay, as they do!

Lord and Lady Erne

Were photographed at the Charles Wood—Ruth Primrose wedding. Lady Erne is Lord and Lady Lytton's younger daughter

Mayfair Jottings

ERMINE coats are said to be soaring in price because at the Coronation every peeress will want to wear one . . .

" Nonsense " millinery accentuates the beauty of pretty women as much as it ridicules their plainer sisters. Lady Moira Combe, in a minute black cap with a bunch of mixed flowers over one eye, looked a dream of beauty emerging from a Piccadilly store . . .

Bored with a traffic jam in Piccadilly, David Hutchison, long-legged blond comedian, indulged in a Fairbanks leap out of the back seat of his open motor-car and walked away . . .

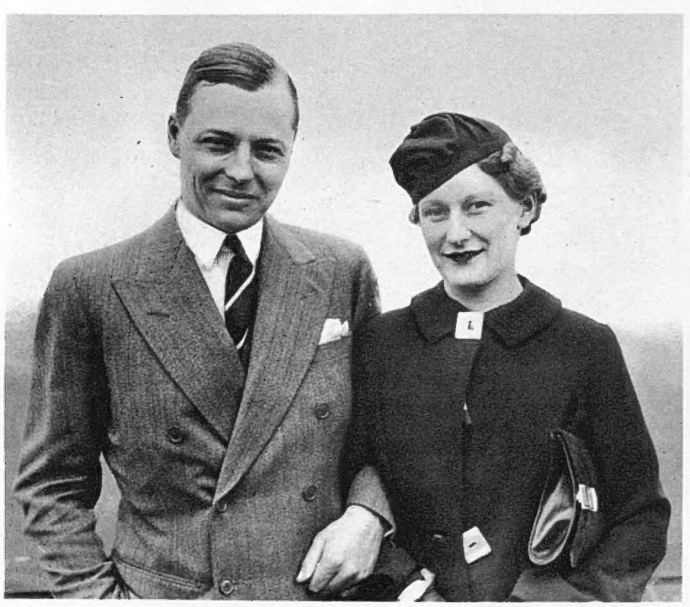
Fantastic Head-dress

" The best show of all," seemed to be the general verdict at the Dorchester last Thursday night. It was short, brisk, and snappy.

Decorative ex-members of the now-famous Dorchester Follies sat around among the audience. Sandra Rambeau in a silver and white dress, magnificent ruby and diamond necklace, and fantastic head-dress of dark blue paradise plumes, arrived with Felix Ferry and Michael Arlen. John Loder's lovely companion was in a past edition.

Among those dancing before and after the cabaret, we noted Virginia Cherrill with Mr. Simon Marks; Lisa Maugham, and her tall fiancé, Vincent Paravicini; Mrs. Harold Huth, and the loveliest of all young actresses, Vivien Leigh.

MISS PEEPS



An Engagement of Last Week

Lord Waleran and Miss Betty Emsley Carr announced their engagement last Friday. Miss Carr is the younger daughter of Sir Emsley and Lady Carr, of Wonford, Walton-on-the-Hill. Lord Waleran is the second baron, succeeded his grandfather in 1925, and divorced his first wife in 1934

Dorchester Opening *Swaebe*

Miss Sandra Rambeau's hat of swirling smoke-blue feathers was, after the show, the most eye-catching thing at the Dorchester's opening night. She is with Mr. Felix Ferry; she used to be one of " Les Girls " herself

"After You, Who . . .?"

A New "Bystander" Series of

Celebrities in Cameo

No. 19

Madame Prunier

Mme. Prunier, granddaughter of the founder of Prunier's in Paris, is part bohemian, part bourgeoise, and part fantaisiste. She has a quick temper, a still quicker sense of humour, and a hawk-like eye for detail. Six days a week she is in her office at nine a.m. after a ride in the Row, and does not leave it until four p.m., after presiding at a business conference with the heads at 3 p.m. She then returns at 6 p.m. until 10.30 p.m. At first sight you would think she was the head vendeuse in a big Paris dress-house. She has the brilliant eyes, dark-red finger-nails, beautiful hands and thoughtful forehead which characterise all such people. And, indeed, her off-duty clothes are perfection, though she feels she has to dress with almost drab severity in her restaurant.

Like most true Parisiennes, she is not at all interested in sport, though she usually wins when she goes racing. Dancing is quite another thing, and she loves the theatre and cinema, too. But when she has a day off she never knows where she is going to end up. Shedding responsibility like a peignoir, she may find herself at the British Museum, the Palladium, Oxford, Cambridge, or a tea-dance. That is why I call her a fantaisiste. Sometimes she gets depressed, and you can see it in her eyes and mouth. But usually she has a cool smile. For her, number eleven is exceptionally unlucky, while eighteen dominates all her success. Every day she writes to her husband. Every year she travels thousands of miles to look for new crustacea. In search of caviare she has penetrated Persia, Rumania, and Bulgaria.

As a girl (she is now only thirty-two) she began her business career in her uncle's cutlery shop, where she was secretary, shorthand-typist, and book-keeper for two years. Three or four years ago she had her hair dyed carroty. In another bout of decorative experiment she went platinum blonde. Now she has gone back to her original pale brown. One can so exactly understand this urge to go superficially gay in a woman who is so tied to her business duties; just as one can guess that, being a *restaurateur*, her favourite dish is pot-au-feu.

It is sixteen months since she opened her restaurant in St. James's Street. Since then she has had an average of four hundred clients a day. And one evening the King, then Prince of Wales, came and ate two dozen American clams. But then, Prunier's is always full of celebrities.

One thing for which we can thank her is that she has proved that the wines of Anjou can travel perfectly. Another piece of enterprise is her successful effort to popularise the cheaper kind of fish, like bass, hake, and cod.

Of course, Mme. Prunier herself likes an entrecôte minute and a bottle of claret. But if women were not feminine, where would any of us be?

Charles Graves

Second Thoughts on First Nights

Left: Lou (Diana Beaumont) and her newly-acquired Armand (John Moody) arrive from Paris

Sketches by Rouson

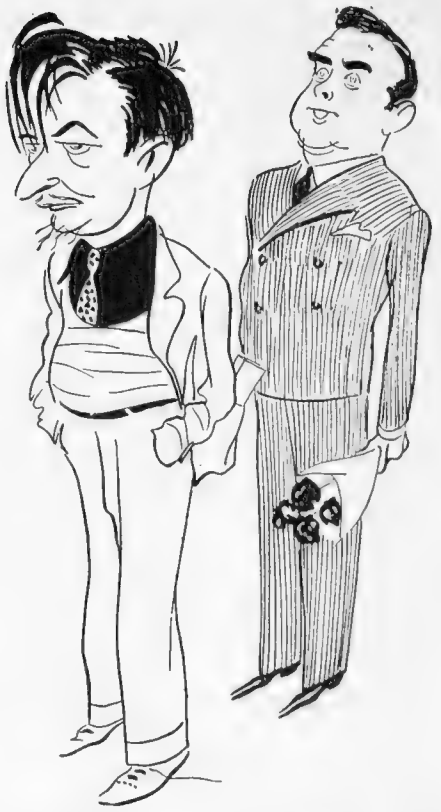
Hope Springs Eternal

"After October" (Criterion Theatre)

THE troubles of the Monkhams family are indeed multifarious, including every kind of involved love-affair, though their chief burden is an apparently permanent impecuniousness, which they bear throughout with a cheerful and Micawber-like philosophy.

Rodney Ackland has written his play *After October* round an amusing lot of people, each one being a cleverly drawn type; yet, taken en masse, they are rather a preposterous lot, each one living on the edge of his or her own private precipice.

Mrs. Monkhams (Mary Clare), whose late husband left her nothing but debts and three children to bring up on them, lives in constant fear that men will arrive with a plain van to remove the furniture on which she has not paid the necessary instalments; at every peal of the bell she takes cover lest some dunning tradesman should see through the windows of her basement flat that she is at home, though not to him. Her two daughters are making a mess of their lives; Lou (Diana Beaumont), married to a penniless Frenchman, is obliged to be a professional dancer in undesirable Continental cafés, and Joan (Ursula Marx) is having an affair, that can have no satisfactory conclusion, with her employer, who is a married man. Yet in spite of all these worries, she does not let the waves wash over her, but is always good-humouredly ready for anything, be it a little dance, a song, or a glass of grocer's wine.



Unwelcome visitors: Peter Godfrey as Oliver Nashwick ("the finest brain in the world!"), and Henry Caine as Brian Guest ("Pretty bobbish!")

The hopes of the family are centred on the son, Clive (Griffith Jones), whose play is about to be produced and bring fame and fortune to the Monkhams, nor are they a whit dashed when it turns out to be a dismal flop; their expectations just move on a little, and they look forward with confidence to the success of his book, which is to be published in October and, after October, they are sure that all will be well with them.

RODNEY ACKLAND understands the world of which he writes, but his play is a sketch of a phase of life rather than a constructive piece of work; it is an alluring cul de sac which leads just exactly—nowhere. If this writer should ever hit on a really good story worthy of his vital power of characterisation, he would step straight up to a place among the best of the modern dramatists.

MARY CLARE'S performance as the irresponsible Rhoda Monkhams is delightful and convincing, and Gwladys Evan Morris makes a particularly good thing out of Marigold Ivens, an actress who, to everyone's surprise, turns out a great success. Iris Baker is clever as Frances Dent, the neurotic friend who has come to the Monkhams as a paying guest, and the other parts are all played with the right spirit.

The play cannot be said to end where it does, for the family is just entering on another period of expectancy, and it is easy to imagine them going on and on, in the same old way, long after October.

Rhoda Monkhams (Mary Clare) and Clive (Griffith Jones) give a piano and vacuum-cleaner obligati to the wireless and telephone

Nova Pilbeam as Lady Jane Grey

A new English history film arrived at the New Gallery last week, centred round the tragic figure of gentle, scholarly Jane Grey, whose brief queenship of England was ended by the executioner's axe. Nova Pilbeam plays that part, and heads a brilliant cast. Cedric Hardwick is Warwick, whose pawn and daughter-in-law Jane Grey became, John Mills is his son, whom Jane was forced to marry, Gwen Ffrangçon-Davies appears as Mary Tudor, Desmond Tester as Edward VI., Sybil Thorndike as Ellen, Jane's maid, Felix Aylmer and Leslie Perrins as the two Seymours, Edward and Thomas. *Tudor Rose* is a Gainsborough film, and was directed by Robert Stevenson. Nova Pilbeam, who is only sixteen, has already played important parts in two films, *Little Friend* and *The Man Who Knew Too Much*, and, on the stage, was Sir James Barrie's choice for last winter's Peter Pan

Ludovico Toeplitz, Maurice Chevalier, Kurt Bernhardt

They are the big three of "The Beloved Vagabond"—Maurice Chevalier plays lead as Paragot, Toeplitz produces, and Bernhardt directs. The two versions—English and French—of the film are not its only claim to be an international prodigy. Ludovico Toeplitz is Italian, came over here to join Korda, and now runs his own productions from the Ealing Studios; Kurt Bernhardt is German, made Marlene Dietrich's first film with Ufa and, strong rumour has it, will direct Conrad Veidt (for the second time) in Toeplitz's "The Patriot." Chevalier, of course, is French; he and bi-lingual Betty Stockfield play in both versions of "The Beloved Vagabond"

Smiling Stars

In the English Film Sky

Elisabeth Welch

Has just finished "The Song of Freedom," the British Lion production, in which she plays the part of Paul Robeson's wife; Robeson is a dock-labourer whose vocal powers, discovered by an impresario (Esmé Percy), lead him to fame. Elisabeth Welch first appeared in London three years ago, since when she has been here almost continuously, in revues cabarets, and films. Over here she lives in Cottage Place, Sloane Street, but this picture was taken in America

Photograph by Macdan, New York

Standing By . . .

A Weekly Commentary on One Thing and Another

By D. B. Wyndham Lewis

IN a rather catty letter to the *Times* the other day an Oxford don had a spinsterly dig at the Duce and Marshal Badoglio for carrying on a campaign which has cost relatively little in losses on the Italian side. Evidently the don doesn't understand the Great First Principle of warfare, which is to hit somebody much smaller much harder than he can hit you. Any Staff officer will tell you that to sneer at the Italians for tackling an enemy of unequal strength is absurd. A don who wants a fight would be a fool to hit a huge red butcher or a hulking Broad Church bishop, or some ramping great hockey-girl fresh from the field. The wise don chooses a small, pale woman, or a dear little child with adenoids, or perhaps a very frail and shortsighted member of the Group Movement, bent double with years, emotionalism and asthma. By tackling one of these very determinedly he wins the fight and preserves his own skin, which is precisely the object of every sensible general in history. Our own Victorian armies observed this principle from time to time with very good results. Had we selected our enemies of the last hundred years, say, for equality of size and weight how should we be feeling now ? Pretty clean-cut and sporting, no doubt, but surely very, very idiotic also ?

One must apologise for setting down in print such simple elementary truths, but dons know little or nothing of the Facts of Life. It is this innocence (combined with that more dreadful pride or *hubris* which invites the anger of Heaven) which makes them so odd, and often, alas, so unattractive.

Per Ardua

A DRUMMER in the Royal Berkshires having recently been awarded his B.A. degree at London University, it would be interesting to know what the Army Council think of the position while he still remains a soldier, the traditional aim of military discipline being to evolve a non-thinking machine, subservient and amenable to orders. The tedious Socrates, if he were alive, would debate this matter exhaustively, settling among other things the question whether a B.A. degree helps a drummer to beat his drum more effectively. Another bit of a bore who 'd have discussed this matter at fatiguing length is Coleridge, who served for a time in a Line regiment himself. Coleridge discussed nearly everything, handing out pontifical judgments on the Lake District, Hell, Greek Poetry, Hydro-Carbonic Gas, Jews, the Jacobean Stage, and—oh, nearly everything. Nobody ever shut him up. In his absence—don't go yet—we may conclude that an academic degree is at least this much practical use to a drummer : that whereas before study he made a noise without knowing how and why, and we didn't like it much, he now probably makes the same noise, knowing exactly how and why, and we still don't like it much.

The only drummer who ever became a full General after a fortnight's study during the last Great War is Lieut.-General Archibald Macdonell, K.C.B. As a very tiny drummer-boy, with curling golden locks and the sweetest smile imaginable, he attracted the notice of Haig, who questioned him interestedly on his drumming and finally asked him for God's sake to stop it. Macdonell, feeling miserable without his drum, courageously took a correspondence-course for two weeks and became very tall, dark, and a General, again attracting the notice of Haig, who always remembered a face, even when it was twice as big. " We must meet some time," Haig said vaguely. They did, too. So, incidentally, did Haig and Foch. So did Fortnum and Mason, and so did a girl named Effie Stinch and a lonely fair gentleman wearing a carnation buttonhole who advertised in the Agony Column (a Mr. Blatherwick). Romance is ever at our elbow, and we may meet a soul-mate in any traffic block.

" 'Ow d' you spell the surname ? "

Hail and Farewell

IF the Ecclesiastical Commissioners have their way and " develop " their land at West Wittering into a golf course, the defilement of the Sussex coastline will be about complete. It 's now practically one continuous line of bestiality, bungaloid and other, and operations are steadily continuing inland as well. The decline and death of Sussex has come more swiftly than Mr. Belloc foresaw in *The Four Men* twenty-five years ago (" But before that day comes, Sussex, may your earth cover me . . . "), and E. V. Lucas's delightful *Highways and Byways* book on Sussex, written at about the same time, seems already to refer to a far-distant age. The teeming bird-life and lovely desolation of the peninsula round West Wittering, the deep peace over those creeks and saltings, were the last remaining beauty of the coast. A nice bungalow colony and the oaths of stockbrokers fluffing their drives will soon alter that.

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Films of the Day: By George Campbell

Please Be Careful, Miss Hepburn

KATHARINE HEPBURN (and I write as much in anger as in sorrow) is becoming a little tiresome. I could tolerate her Hollywood whimsies—her running around in flannel trousers, eating her luncheon sandwich in a £10 car, fleeing from photographers with a coy look backward to make sure the villains still pursued her, her wanting to be alone, and all the other symptoms of a fairly severe attack of Garboitis. All this was very silly, but as long as she delivered the goods, her private eccentricities hardly mattered. After all, if a gifted actress has a fancy for being childish off the screen, that is her business.

When she becomes childish *on* the screen, that is *our* business. Critics are fairly long-suffering—they are paid to be. The fans are not. They are the people who pay for entertainment, and if they don't get it they have a grievance entirely justifiable. One or perhaps two blunders they will overlook, but the stars who have made three and remained stars could be numbered on the fingers of one hand. So, after *Sylvia Scarlett*, Miss Hepburn must be very, very careful.

I HAVE never read Mr. Compton Mackenzie's novel, so I am unable to say whether the picture does him justice. Even allowing for the odd tastes of twenty years ago, it seems hardly possible. The plot of the film is wild without being exciting, improbable without being imaginative, involved but not ingenious. The Radio people probably thought it was "daring." So it is—with the daring of the young desperado who pulls a face at the schoolmistress's back, or rings the parson's bell and runs away. It begins with the heroine escaping from Marseilles and crossing the Channel in boy's clothing. Now, ordinary folk like you and me can spot a young woman masquerading as a man from a distance of fifty yards, but, of course, the French police and the English Customs officials are completely taken in; and, on the principle that a good joke is worth repeating indefinitely, Miss Hepburn goes on with the masquerade for three-fourths of the picture. This gives the director a chance to lead up to a very witty incident where Miss Hepburn is passionately embraced by a young woman in ignorance of her sex; and if this doesn't make you laugh your head off, there is some by-play about seasickness, with the heroine running to the rail now and then with her hand over her mouth, which you will find extremely comical.

Katharine Hepburn as Sylvia Scarlett

George Cukor, who directed "Little Women," has put Katharine Hepburn on the screen again in the name-part of Compton Mackenzie's novel-made film. As Sylvia Scarlett masquerading in boy's clothes to help her father (Edmund Gwenn), she meets the mountebank, Monkley (Cary Grant) and falls in love with a young artist (Brian Aherne). "Sylvia Scarlett," a Radio picture, is at the Regal

BUT don't think Miss Hepburn has all the fun. Edmund Gwenn is also in the cast, and the director and script-writers, between them, have contrived to make Mr. Gwenn look very odd indeed. In one scene—a house at Buckingham Gate, which he and Miss Hepburn are proposing to burgle—they find the solitary housemaid, left to guard the house and jewels, dressing up in plumes borrowed from her absent mistress. What do the resourceful crooks do? They persuade Maudie to put on all the jewellery, preparatory to robbing her, and, to cap it all (you 'll die with laughing here), Mr. Gwenn appears in full Court dress. And very useful it is, for a little later he is shut out of the house, and what better disguise could a cat-burglar have than that of a gentleman about to drop in at the adjacent Palace? Anyway, Mr. Gwenn takes up with Maudie, and becomes enamoured of a Russian woman, and finally (you know what a depressing influence the Russian school can have) jumps into the sea, and is dragged out soggy and quite dead. Not a pleasing spectacle. I prefer to think of him escaping the notice of the police by standing in satin breeches in Buckingham Gate and bawling to be admitted.

I HAVE gone into all this at some length because I feel, or used to feel, that Miss Hepburn was an actress worth taking seriously. In *Morning Glory* she gave a performance that no actress, living or dead, could have bettered. The small-town girl fired with the creative urge, confusing (as so many do) ambition and love of the theatre with genius, at once ridiculous and pathetic and lovable—here was a characterisation that rang true in minutest detail, possibly because there was in it a good deal of Miss Hepburn herself. To every discriminating critic *Morning Glory* gave the thrill of seeing a bright new star swim into his ken—an actress who moved exquisitely, like a young fawn, and radiated a peculiar spiritual quality, a feyness, which is quite incommunicable in print.

Spitfire, if it did nothing to add to her reputation, at least did not harm it. There was power in her study of the mountain girl with the bare feet and lank hair—power, and the elemental grace of a wild thing in its natural setting. *Christopher Strong*, in which she played an English airwoman, was a bad mistake; but she made atonement with *Alice Adams*—another singularly brilliant study of the small-town girl, pretentious and absurd, but on the whole endearing.

By now Miss Hepburn had evidently decided this was the rôle she played best. She was perfectly right, of course, but there are limits to the number of times one can go on repeating a success, and when she introduces the same characterisation, the same mannerisms, the same technique, into *Sylvia Scarlett*, it is time to make a protest, or we shall soon have her playing Queen Elizabeth and Mary of Scotland and Helen of Troy on precisely the same note.

MISS HEPBURN is a young woman of remarkable gifts and sharp limitations. Not satisfied with her sudden fame in Hollywood, she attempted to conquer the Broadway that had been so lukewarm about her, only to flop rather badly in *The Lake*. That failure is said to have rankled deeply, and I have no doubt the reception of *Sylvia Scarlett* will be as salt in the wound. She must face the fact now that one more mistake of this magnitude may wreck a brilliant career. If she were incompetent, if she were a little film Cinderella slowly climbing up, the public would forgive her. But she jumped to fame in one picture; now she must earn it by hard work, a level head, and, above all, sincerity. The fans will stand a little eccentricity; they hate a poseur. And the brutal fact is that Miss Hepburn has carried posing, on and off the screen, to the point where even her admirers don't know whether she is fey and elfin,' or just plain cuckoo.

FROM A PAINTING BY ERNEST WALLCOUSINS C.F.H.

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"Barabau"

A New Vic-Wells Ballet by Ninette de Valois

THE last new ballet of the Vic-Wells season is a gay and witty little piece, topically spiced with satire at the expense of the Italian Fascisti. It is a new arrangement by Ninette de Valois to Rieti's words and music, the chorus, dressed for their parts and sitting in a grand-stand at the back of the stage, being supplied by the Opera Company. The chief parts are taken by Harold Turner as the rich farmer, Barabau, Frederick Ashton as the Sergeant of the company of soldiers who invade Barabau's fields, and Miss de Valois herself in a small but delightfully amusing part as a peasant girl whose Chianti flask tempts the Sergeant to unsoldierly indiscretions. The clever dresses and décor are by Edward Burra

Photographs by Anthony

Above: Ashton and Turner

Left: Ninette De Valois and Ashton

Artists' Allsorts

Pictures from the Royal Academy of 1936

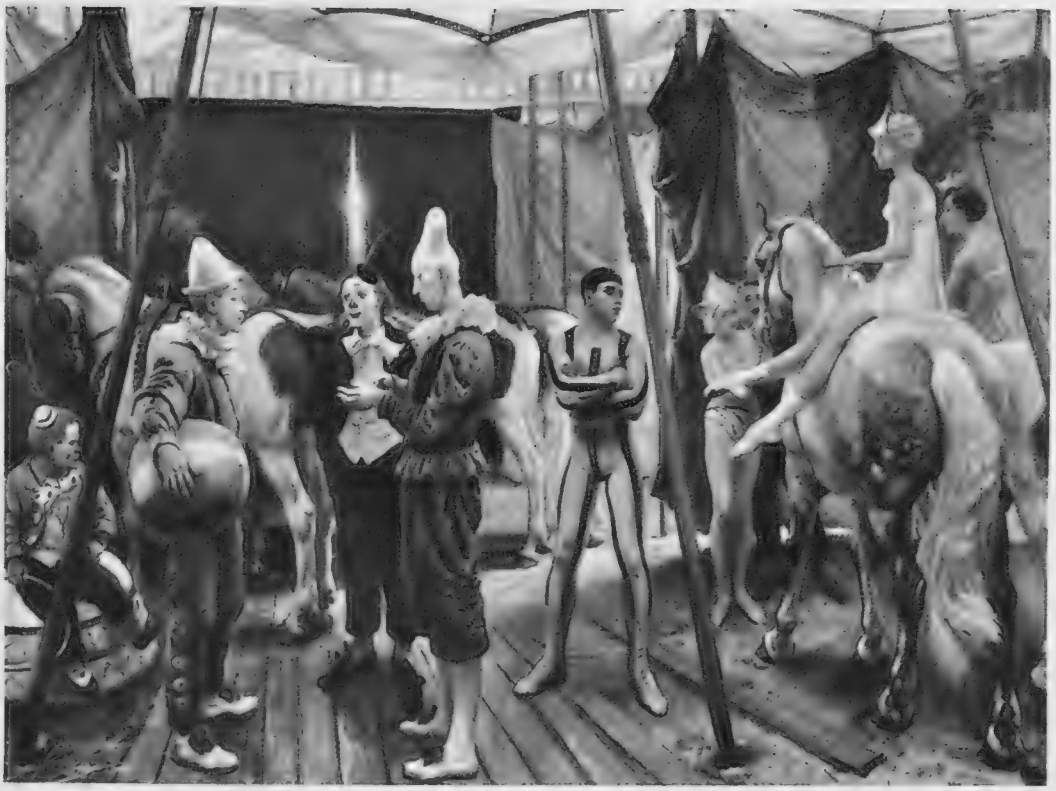
H.R.H. the Duke of York, K.G., Colonel-in-Chief XIth Hussars — *By Simon Elwes*

Sir Richard Sykes, Seventh Baronet of Sledmere
By Simon Elwes

Rocking Down the Row
By A. K. Zinkeisen

Rain at Ascot
By Dame Laura Knight, D.B.E., R.A.-Elect

The Toilet
By B. Fleetwood Walker



"The Show Is On!"
By Dame Laura Knight, D.B.E., R.A.-Elect

AN Academy without sensations for a season without Courts. . . . The usual pictures hang on the walls of Burlington House, the usual crush of fashionables and intelligentsia invaded its floors on Private View day, and if any artistic reputations have been made or marred, it has been done circumspectly, and with no headlines of resignation or acclamation. English art of 1936 as the hanging committee like it has quietly replaced the fabulous treasures of China, and the season has begun

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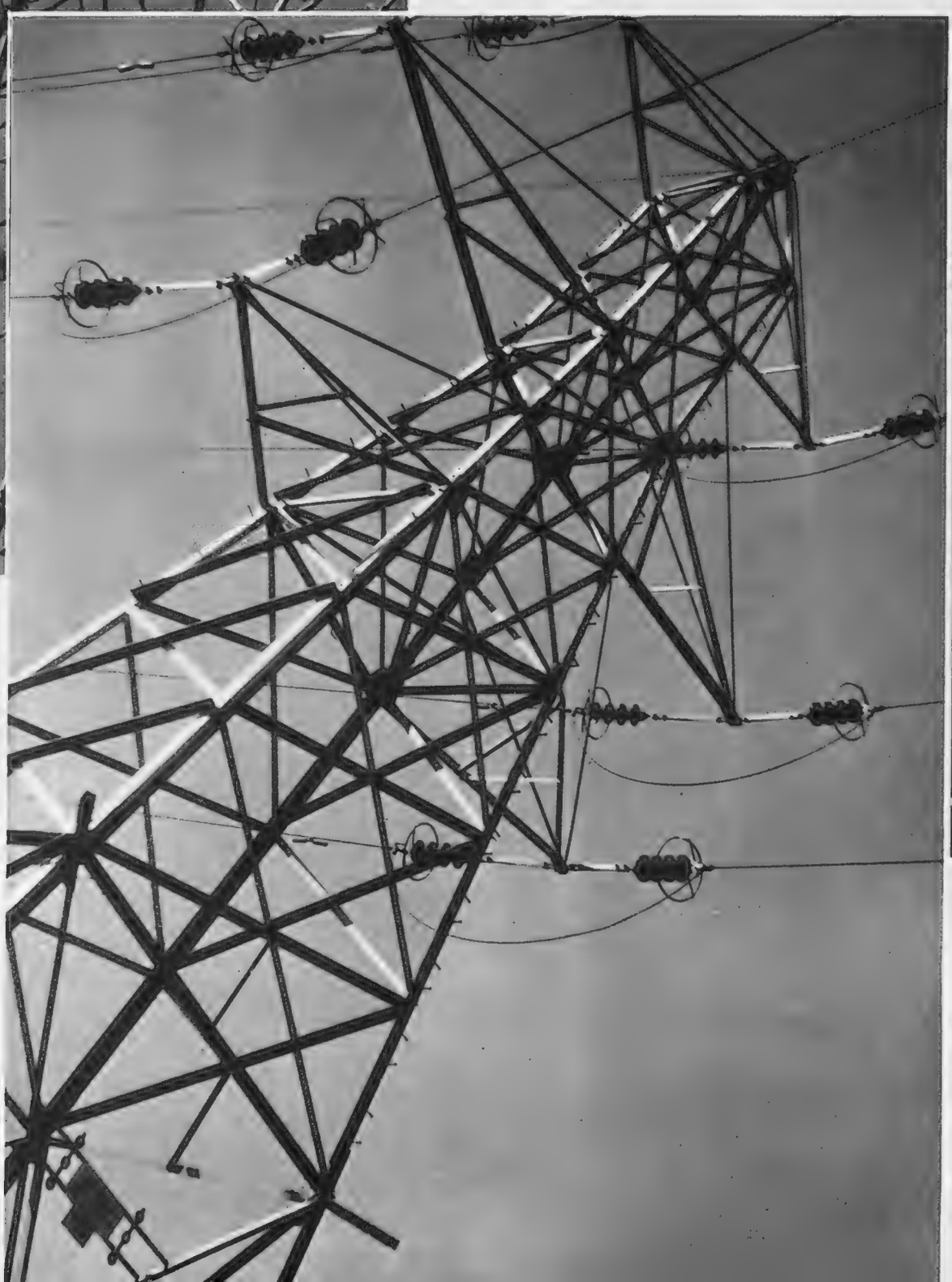
Kitchen Bathroom
By W. O. Hutchinson

Pauline, Paris, 1936
By James Gunn

Spring in Kent

Old and New Silhouettes Write a Patterned Story Against the Sky

Photographs by John Everard



Curves and Angles: a Design by Nature and a Design by Man

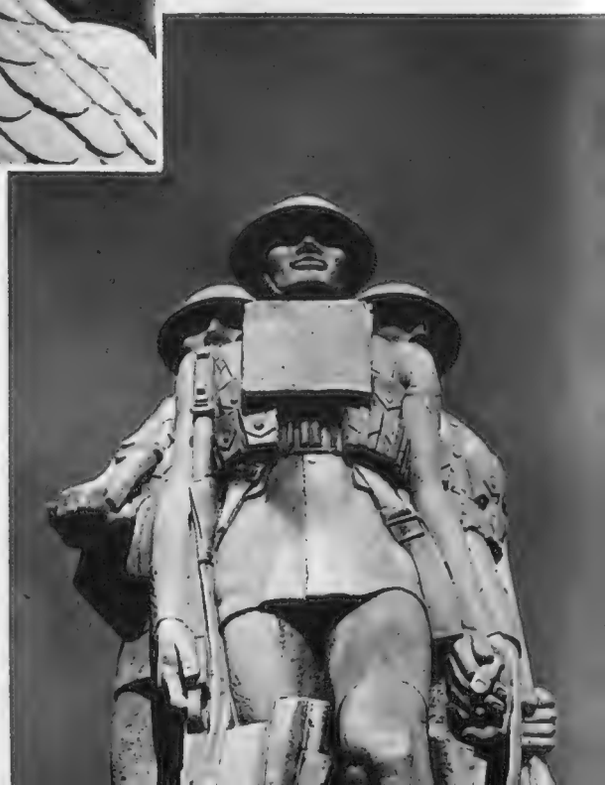
Machines Pastoral and Industrial: the Windmill and the Coal-mine

London Monuments

No. 4. The 24th Division Memorial

By Eric Kennington

Photographs by Norman Parkinson



This fine piece of statuary—three infantry soldiers standing on a base carved with regimental badges—is the 24th Division's Great War Memorial, and an example of Eric Kennington's powerful, direct work as a sculptor. It was presented by him and unveiled by the late Field-Marshal Lord Plumer in 1924, and stands in the eastern part of Battersea Park

Howard Coster

Eric Kennington — Painter and Sculptor

There is, until May 9th, an exhibition at the Picture Hire Gallery in Brook Street of Eric Kennington's work for the last twenty years. Although it is only partly representative—his best-known works being either in private collections or public places—it illustrates more than adequately the great range of his work, and the high evenness of his attainment both as artist and sculptor. His famous "Kensingtons at Laventie," a war picture painted on glass, is not there, but many of his war works are, as well as landscapes and portraits in oils, pastel and water colour, the portraits including those used to illustrate T. E. Lawrence's *Seven Pillars of Wisdom*. Kennington was a friend of Lawrence, and of his portrait busts of the great man one is in St. Paul's Cathedral, and one is shown here. His sculpture includes a memorial statue of Thomas Hardy at Dorchester, and the five large brick figures on the walls of the Shakespeare Memorial Theatre at Stratford, as well as the 24th Division Memorial illustrated on the opposite page

Miss Penelope Preston

Miss Ione Jean Barclay

Miss Diana Ralli

Miss Ruth Coit

Miss Pamela Gibson

Miss Dawn Gordon

Debutantes of 1936

***Penelope Preston** is the Hon. Hubert and Mrs. Preston's nineteen-year-old daughter. Her father is Lord Gormanston's uncle. Her mother is the late Rt. Hon. W. Kenny's daughter; she will give a dance for Miss Preston on July 7th*

***Ione Jean Barclay** is the eldest of Captain and the Hon. Mrs. Barclay's three daughters — she is eighteen. Her father was in the Scots Guards; her mother is Phyllis Lady Somerleyton's elder daughter, and a sister of Lord Somerleyton*

***Diana Ralli** is the elder daughter of Sir Strati and Lady Ralli, of 40, Upper Brook Street, W.1. Her father is President of Ralli Brothers; her mother was Louise Warington-Williams, and she will give a dance for her daughter on June 19th*

***Ruth Coit** is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Richard Coit, of 30, Hyde Park Gate, S.W.7. Her father is on the Stock Exchange; her mother, with Mrs. Thornely Gibson, is giving a dance for Miss Coit and Miss Gibson on June 29th*

***Pamela Gibson**, who is to have a joint dance with Ruth Coit, is the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Thornely Gibson, of 2, Kensington Gate, W.8, and Upton, near Newbury. She plans to enter the Webber Douglas Stage School soon*

***Dawn Gordon** is one of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Gordon's five daughters. Her father is well known as an owner-breeder of racehorses; her mother was Gladys Shears Payne before her marriage. The Gordons live at Boveridge Park, Salisbury*

Photographs by Bassano, Hay Wrightson, Lenare, Pearl Freeman

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"Bystander" Short Story No. 36

Insult to Injury

By Charles Birkin

MARIAN felt vaguely annoyed. Although she was now well on in her convalescence, the announcement that the nurse had just made that Sheila Bleughblar had called and would like to see her came as an unpleasant interruption to the peaceful monotony of her day. She glanced round the flower-filled bedroom.

"All right: ask her to come up. But don't let her stay too long."

"That's the spirit, Mrs. Challoner. You're no longer an invalid, you know. It's time you started to see your friends again."

Sheila, Marian reflected, was just the sort of woman to inflict herself on a defenceless victim. She picked up the hand-glass and studied her face. "Pale and interesting," she decided. She had suffered practically no pain after her operation for appendicitis, and the last ten days had proved a perfect rest cure. No, she comforted herself, she looked nothing like the full sum of her forty-two years. These pleasant thoughts were cut short by the arrival of her visitor.

Lady Bleughblar was a woman of ample proportions. She was a living denial of the fallacy that weight and worth are synonymous. "Laugh and grow fat" was proven in her case, only with the rider that the laughs in question were at the expense of other people.

Sheila Bleughblar bore down on the bed. Under one arm she carried her Pekinese—a venerable animal of uncertain temper. Under the other were tucked her bag and a book.

She bent down to kiss the reluctant Marian.

"How nice to see you again, my dear! You've no idea how worried we've all been about you. I've brought you a book. I do so hope you haven't read it. *Tresailles and His Work*. He is not nearly as well known as he deserves to be." She settled herself in an armchair.

Suspiciously, Marian noted the dog-eared condition of the paper jacket. "'Book Bargains. Any volume, 1s.'," she commented inwardly.

"And now we must have a good chat," Sheila said. "Tell me, dear, how are you feeling? Appendicitis, wasn't it? That's what I was told—though I thought you'd had it out years ago! Nothing in these days, I admit, but when one gets to our time of life, it must be something of a shock to the system."

Marian smiled sweetly. Sheila knew very well that there must be at least eight years' difference in their ages.

"And now for the news," Lady Bleughblar continued. "You poor dear, tucked away up here and knowing nothing of what is going on in the great world! I lunched with Sarah Holborn to-day. What a cat that woman is! Doesn't seem to care what she says. Why, she even hinted that your Tom had been getting into trouble. 'Sarah,' I said, 'I won't listen to a word. Tom's devoted to Marian—simply devoted. There's never been a better husband!' Well, it appears that she heard that he has taken to drugs. 'Perfectly ridiculous, Sarah,' I said, but she would not listen. She protested that it was the only explanation for his extraordinary conduct last week with that Hemmingway girl! I've never admired her myself. It's always amazed me what men can see in women like that." She broke off. "Would it be too much trouble, darling, to ask for a cup of tea? No, nothing to eat. Just tea with a slice of lemon." She glanced at her watch as Marian pressed the bell by her bed. "I can't stay long, I'm afraid. I promised to go to Paul's cocktail-party, and he'd be so

(Concluded on page 250)

Sketch by Bedelia

Sheila Bleughblar bore down on the bed

Two Academy "Characters"

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Jimmie Snell: By J. K. Kirby

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"I Dreamt That I Dwelt in Marble Halls": By George Belcher, A.R.A.

Insult to Injury *(Continued)*

disappointed if I failed him. He adores me—the silly boy! Your son Peter is a friend of his, I believe. And that reminds me. Do you think it wise the way Peter is behaving? I know he 's only twenty-two—a very impressionable age—but however young one may be one can't burn the candle at both ends, as he does, without suffering from it at some time; and he 's looking very peeky lately. Marian, who *is* that girl he 's always with? I was told that Valentine Marrowby discovered her in some dance hall. Lived with him for *years*, by all accounts. She must be at least thirty. Peter 's *very* infatuated, isn't he? Aren't boys *goats*? They 're not secretly married, by any chance, are they?" Lady Bleughblar hesitated as tea was brought in. "My dear, you don't *look* very well—do you think that everything *is* going on as it should?" Then, as the door closed, she continued: "As I was saying, Peter won't hear a word against the girl. Perhaps he 'll redeem her! So romantic if he did. Thank goodness, I 've never had any trouble of *that* kind with my John. Gracious, how time flies! I really must go . . . but first do tell me the news of Clare. Such a sweet child . . . she must be twenty-one, isn't she?"

"No, darling: she 's just nineteen."

"*Really?* Is that all?" Lady Bleughblar was astounded. "I must be mistaken. Anyway, you look more like sisters than mother and daughter. Clare 's so charming. I always say that she makes *quite* the best of herself. A pity that she drinks so many cocktails . . . ruination to the skin. Charles Tordey is very fond of her, I hear. Candidly—I know you won't mind my saying so—I wonder that you let her see him. *Not* a very nice character, by all accounts. His wife has a terrible time. I was very much surprised when she married him . . . and now she wants a divorce. He 's always supposed to be a—well, you know, one of those . . . but I don't suppose there 's a word of truth in it! Well, darling, we 've gossiped enough for a first visit . . . and I 'll be late as it is." She struggled to her feet. "It 's been lovely seeing you and hearing all your news. Give my love to Jimmy. He 's been a frequent visitor, I dare say. No? But you 're joking! After all these years . . . everyone knows he 's never married because of you. Julia Lang could *never* take *your* place with Jimmy. She 's been in his pocket the last few weeks, but that 's just while you 're ill. I 'm certain of it."

Weakly Marian rang the bell. The nurse, with commendable promptitude, came in—starched and efficient.

"I can see you 're tired, darling," Sheila said, collecting her bag and picking up her dog. "Come on, Titus! You must look after your patient, nurse," she advised archly, "she 's really very delicate. Good-bye, Marian, my dear. I 'll try to pop in again one day this week."

The door closed behind her.

"Nurse," Marian spoke in a whisper. Limply her hand pointed to the thick pile carpet . . . "Lady Bleughblar's Peke. . . . You might see to it, will you?"

THE END.

Leaving St. Paul's After Their Wedding

The Hon. Charles Wood and Miss Ruth Primrose

Lord and Lady Derby gave a reception at Derby House after their granddaughter's wedding at St. Paul's. In the cheering group below, watching the bride and bridegroom drive off to Heston, are the Duke of Roxburghe (whose wife is the bride's cousin), Lord Derby, Lord Rosebery, and Lady Ursula Manners, who was a bridesmaid

Cheers and Rose-Leaves at Derby House

They Flew to Yorkshire from Heston

The Hon. Charles Wood, Royal Horse Guards, Lord and Lady Halifax's eldest son, and Miss Ruth Primrose, only child of the late Captain the Hon. Neil Primrose and the late Lady Victoria Bullock, granddaughter of Lord Derby and niece of Lord Rosebery, had an enormous wedding at St. Paul's Cathedral, with a Blues guard of honour and a primrose-dressed retinue of bridesmaids. They started their honeymoon at Garrowby, and then were going to Paris, returning for the Hon. Anne Wood's wedding to Lord Feversham on May 9th

The "Bystander" Bookshelf : By Alan Thomas

The Face of England

MR. J. L. HODSON describes his book, *Our Two Englands* (Michael Joseph; 10*s.* 6*d.*) as a record "of what I have seen and heard and of what people have said to me in London and round and about England, showing that there is an England we know and an England wherein most of us are strangers."

He travels through Wales, the North of England and Scotland, Suffolk and Norfolk, Devon and Cornwall, some English seaside towns, and ends up with London and its environs. He gives us pithy thumbnail sketches of what is going on in the places he visits, and conveys a good deal of his information by retailing conversations he has had with "all sorts and conditions"—woodmen in the Forest of Dean, stable-boys at Newmarket, Cumberland shepherds, spinners on the Bradford Wool Exchange, keepers on the grouse moors in Scotland, Devonshire labourers, trainers of performing fleas at Southsea, Trade Union officials, fortune-tellers, and scores of others. He has been down a tin-mine, out to sea with an angling party from Blackpool, inside the Beth-Din or Jewish House of Judgment in Mulberry Street, London, behind the scenes on the revue stage, down a sewer leading from the Westminster Theatre to the forecourt of Buckingham Palace, and Heaven knows where else.

Of the many impressions gathered from this book, two are outstanding. One, the grimness of life for the poor and the unemployed ("Damned agony, that's what life is," says an ex-chief steward at Cardiff. "No hope, man, unless there's a war again," says somebody else), the other, the patience with which the agony is being borne.

In reading a book like this it is impossible not to be impressed by the dimensions of the problems which still have to be solved if the England of our time is to be—for the great mass of its population—a green and pleasant land. But if the problems are as yet unsolved, they can at least be understood. And towards this understanding Mr. Hodson's book makes a splendid contribution.

"THE FORTUNES OF HARRIETTE," by Angela Thirkell (Hamish Hamilton; 10*s.* 6*d.*), is an account of the "surprising career of Harriette Wilson," a lady of fashion who flourished at the beginning of last century, and to whose charms few men were insensible. Among her acquaintances she numbered the Duke of Wellington, the Duke of Argyll, Lord Byron, Beau Brummell, Lord Hertford, Lord Granville Leveson-Gower, Henry Luttrell, Henry Brougham, and scores of others. Sir Walter Scott describes her as "far from beautiful, but a smart, saucy girl, with good eyes and dark hair, and the manners of a wild schoolboy." As a courtesan she certainly had her day. That she has not altogether ceased to be is due mainly to the fact that she wrote her memoirs—250,000 words of them—which threw mud and sidelights on a good many distinguished members of London society about the time of Waterloo. She had a literary turn, had Harriette. She was "a born reporter, quick to seize the salient points in a character, to parody, or mimic a style of speech. Not one of her fashionable friends speaks out of character. . . . Nor was she less successful with her sketches of the lower orders."

Mrs. Thirkell has gone to some trouble in collecting and sorting her material, and has made an entertaining study of an entertaining subject.

ON the first of August last, Mr. Charles Graves set out for a motor tour in north and central Spain. He travelled for a month, with most of the requisites for a traveller's happiness—good weather, a good digestion, and a de luxe car complete with a teetotal chauffeur. The story of this tour Mr. Graves tells in *Trip-Tyque to Spain* (Ivor Nicholson and Watson; 10*s.* 6*d.*). By means of a diverting style and an eye for the odd and unexpected, he has written a guide-book that is a pleasure to read. His foreign journey began at Calais, whence he made for the South through Tours, Poitiers and Bordeaux. His object was to sight-see in Spain and to pass through France as quickly as possible. But, fortunately, he gives details of the French hotels in which he fed well and as a gastronomic guide his pages on the outward and homeward journeys through France are invaluable.

The Spanish itinerary took him from Biarritz along the coast to Corunna and thence to Madrid. In this section he discourses lightheartedly on a variety of subjects, including cathedrals, casinos, pictures, and pretty girls. This admirable book is complete with map, index, and a detailed log of the achievements of his super-car.

"Grey Owl"

Sir John Lavery's portrait of Grey Owl which is in this year's Academy was painted during the visit of the Canadian-Indian writer-naturalist to England last winter. His "Sajo and Her Beaver People" was a Christmas-present best-seller

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"THE BAD COMPANIONS," by Maurice L. Richardson (John Miles; 7*s.* 6*d.*), is the story of two rogues, Fox and Eagle, who emerge from prison into a world great with "possibilities." Fox is the master-mind, Eagle his disciple. They sample a provincial town, acquire some assets, including a harmless old lunatic whom Fox regards as a "speculative investment," and thus equipped they descend upon a seaside resort full of retired colonels. Between them they bamboozle these military gentlemen (including one General Paralysis) into forming the first branch of a semi-Fascist affair known as the National Stiff Shirt Association. Absconding with the party funds, the two rogues take the measure of the Make-peace Free Community School, and thereafter seek their fortunes by such tricky and devious means as wit and circumstance suggest.

Mr. Richardson's humour tends to rely less on its delicacy than on its breadth, and his satire will appeal more to the politically-minded Left than to the respectably-minded Right. But *The Bad Companions* has its amusing moments.

COMPANIONS of a different order are assembled at the Drones' Club, where the Eggs, Beans and Crumpets who patronise that matey establishment discourse with brainless brilliance on the ups and downs of life. I am referring, of course, to Mr. P. G. Wodehouse's latest book, *Young Men in Spats* (Herbert Jenkins; 7*s.* 6*d.*). On the strength of the eight stories relating to the aforesaid Eggs, B. and C., this volume has been chosen as the Drones' Club Book of the Month. The last three tales, emanating from the Anglers' Rest, surely give it some claim to be considered also for the Mulliner Vie Heureuse. In *Young Men in Spats* Mr. Wodehouse is at his brightest and best.

IN the library list I recommend *Rings on Her Fingers*, by Laurence Kirk (Heinemann; 7*s.* 6*d.*), an amusing novel about a gold-digger who strikes a new vein and has better luck than she deserves; *Love is Too Young*, by Isobel Macdonald (Duckworth; 7*s* 6*d.*), with a heroine who inspires passions in both male and female bosoms; and *If I Have Four Apples*, by Josephine Lawrence (Harrap; 7*s.* 6*d.*), an exposition on the evils of the instalment system in America.

Fashion as it flies . . .

by Elizabeth

Dover Street Studios

Glamorous satin tinted a warm shade of honey, and softly draped with groups of shirring, makes this evening dress from Harvey Nichols, Knightsbridge. It is cut on classical lines with a laced back and panel of sunray pleating which forms a short train. The coatee with flared basque is of brocaded moiré and has leg o' mutton sleeves which, by broadening the shoulders, give a slim hip-line. Spanish boleros showing a wide coloured sash are introduced with some of the new tailored dinner or cinema frocks, also short jackets with puff sleeves. One of these in black horse-hair embroidered with white clubs appeared at a recent collection. It was presented as a suggestion for Ascot, to be worn with a full skirted ankle-length frock

The Shape Of Hats To Come

"Cart-wheel" hats of pre-war days, measuring two feet across, together with others made of glass, with vast transparent brims, are prophesied for Ascot this year. Many people, however, will prefer the charming models on this page which, though ultra-smart, are not so extreme as to be unpractical. They are made of fine panama lac straw, and may be seen at Harrods, Knightsbridge. The one above is distinguished by its sloping crown of ostrich quills shading from powder blue to a deep midnight tint. It is held in place by a narrow band of elastic, while knotted velvet ribbon in bright "cerise" trims the hat on the right with diminutive crown and sweeping brim

Philip Harben

Since tailored lines are proving so fashionable, there is little doubt that small as well as large hats will be worn this summer, and many of the early spring styles will continue in some form or other. The bowler with a square or rounded crown is becoming and smart with tailor-mades; also a modified version of the coachman's hat, with a veil drawn over the face. Then there is the béret with a veil across the top, and the Breton sailor with a chin strap, to say nothing of the Flemish bonnet and flower-pot crown brimming over with flowers. Trimmings include feathers, flowers and fantasies such as bells and painted miniatures hanging from a hook attached to the crown

Discovered by Peta
pictured by Pam.

THE BYSTANDER TWINS in search of NOVELTIES

Perfumed earrings are fashionable, and so is Coty's exquisite perfume, "Le Nouveau Gardenia." It is fresh and gay, with a delicate fragrance which in a subtle way accentuates the wearer's charm

An old-time Derby winner, this coloured wooden horse has left the Turf for Liberty's, Regent Street. It costs 2s. 9d., and is a real joy to children, since it is double-jointed and able to perform all sorts of amusing antics

Fashion has borrowed from Hungary the idea of wearing brightly-coloured peasant scarves, tied round the head, when cruising or walking in the country. These cost 10s. 6d. at Jaeger's, 204, Regent Street, and are made in a riot of colours

Indian elephant-bells are now used as dinner gongs in modern homes. They are made of enamelled brass, and hang from a bracket on the wall. Liberty's have them in varying sizes

The decorative reading lamp on the left recalls the splendours of the recent Chinese Exhibition. It is made of porcelain, richly coloured, with a glazed parchment shade painted in harmonious tints, and costs 45s. at Liberty's

For wearing with summer frocks, Jaeger's have designed cotton scarves which only cost 5s. 6d. They are made in two-colour combinations, printed with white diamonds, and can be arranged in various ways. Green and black provide an effective contrast

Great Air-Rail Speed-Up for the Summer

By Charles Ward

"Flight"

The "Hornet," which is the latest Moth by de Havilland, and the replacement type for tuition and private flying, to the original open two-seater. It has side-by-side seating and the engine is a Gipsy Major

Fly on Your Holiday

TOWARDS the end of this month the great air-rail speed-up will commence. Six thousand miles will be flown every day by Railway Air Services, the combine which includes Imperial Airways as well as the main-line railway companies. New liners are on order, and the average cruising speed will be 130, the fastest services being operated at nearly 160 miles an hour. The fleet is almost exclusively composed of "Dragons," "Rapides," and "Expresses" from de Havilland. The latest "Express," with variable-pitch airscrews, cruises easily at 155. In the course of the year "Railair" will fly 1,000,000 miles, nearly double the mileage flown during 1935. Passengers will be granted facilities for luggage-in-advance by rail or steamer, and in the event that an air service is cancelled, their tickets will entitle them to alternative routes by train or boat, naturally first-class, without additional charge. Season-ticket holders will qualify for a discount, and the bulk-travel facilities already in force with Imperial Airways will be extended to travellers by "Railair." Several of the new lines will cater especially for holiday traffic. Three will connect the Isle of Man with Scotland, Northern Ireland, and Carlisle. Two others will link Bristol and Cardiff with Weston-super-Mare, and another will link South Wales with Southampton and the Isle of Wight. Yeadon Aerodrome, the municipal centre for Leeds and Bradford, comes into the scheme, and Manchester has to cope with six services a day, in and out. Gatwick will be the London airport for the Isle of Wight. Its railway station, joined to the airport by subway, will give a thirty-five-minute service to Victoria at half-hourly intervals. Holidays by air in England will be brought within the reach of thousands who have never flown before; the saving in time, the thrill of a new experience, and the absence of fuss and fatigue will be ample compensation for the slightly higher fares over those charged by rail or steamer all the way.

Girls from the Dorchester Follies "weighing-in" at the new Air-France departure station recently opened at the Dorchester Hotel, Park Lane

Cheaper Flying

THERE is a movement in the air to make flying cheaper—to bring it within the reach of enthusiasts who cannot afford club rates or who are not sufficiently skilful—perhaps confident—to build and test their own "Flea." Two companies were formed at the end of April to exploit this market. The first deals with the "Aeronca," a light two-seater originating from Canada, which seems to offer a solution to the problem of how to fly for twenty shillings an hour all in. A British engine, the J.A.P., is to be installed, built by the Prestwich organisation that has been responsible for the motor-cycle engine of that name for many years. A factory has been acquired at Peterborough. Directors include H. V. Roe, brother of A. V., the designer of our old original "trainer" that is still going strong in modified form after nearly twenty-five years of service; and General "Guy" Livingstone, one-time director of Air Organisation at the War Office. The "Aeronca" was sponsored in this country by Aircraft Exchange and Mart, presiding genius being "Bones" Brady, now happily risen from bed after the first illness of his life. The second-lighter light 'plane to be marketed on a big scale is the "Praga," made by F. Hills and Sons, of Stockton-on-Tees. It is Czecho-slovakian by origin, including the engine, which will be made over here by Jowett's of Bradford, also known in the motor world. Production is estimated at 200 machines for 1936, and the retail price of the "Hillson Praga" will be £385.

'Plane Paras

C. J. MELROSE arrived at Adelaide by "Phœnix" from Heston, just in time to take part in the Centenary celebrations. His journey was uneventful—just a caravan trip, the 'plane being fitted up with a bed and facilities for cooking a meal.

On August Bank Holiday, an international "Flying Flea" Trophy Race will be held at Ramsgate Airport. Five substantial prizes are offered, with a special award to the smartest "Flea" on parade. Details of interest to aerial entomologists can be obtained from the organiser at Brettenham House, Strand.

Have you seen the "A.A." in the air? The campaign to make our roads safer for travel has been carried on high. "Road-Users.—Give Way and Be Safe" is being displayed on sky banners, with letters twelve feet across.

"Secret Agent"

The Story is Somerset Maugham's
The Film is Going to the Tivoli

Madeleine Carroll

Has a starring part in the picture as Elsa, a co-spy of Gielgud, who plays Ashenden, hero of the tale

Spy and Counter-Spy

Lilli Palmer and Peter Lorre are two knots in the net of secret agency which the film unravels. Lorre has another of the callous, sinister parts he plays so superlatively, as the Hairless Mexican

THIS complicated and exciting spy-story has been filmed by Gaumont-British from Campbell Dixon's stage version of the Somerset Maugham novel *Ashenden*. Alfred Hitchcock, king of English suspense-makers, has directed it, and the cast is one packet of talent. John Gielgud makes a long-awaited return to the screen as the hero, Robert Young, the American star, plays villain, Peter Lorre and Madeleine Carroll are their co-stars. *Secret Agent* starts its pre-release run at the Tivoli next Monday

The Train Accident which Rounds Off the Story

Oxford's Captain and Secretary

A. P. Singleton (Shrewsbury and B.N.C.) is secretary of the O.U. Cricket XI for 1936; Norman Mitchell-Innes (Sedburgh and B.N.C.) is the captain. Innes is just back with the M.C.C. from New Zealand

Cambridge's Captain and Secretary

Mark Tindall (Harrow and St. Catherine's) and Hugh Bartlett (Dulwich and Pembroke) are secretary and captain respectively of the Cambridge cricket team. Bartlett, who is left-handed, made three centuries last year

Summer Sport

Edited by Howard Marshall

I SOMETIMES think that my star is a lucky one. To edit a feature dealing with summer sport, is not this a congenial task? To edit, you will note, for I do not claim omniscience. I may know a little about cricket, or even claim acquaintance with such recondite subjects as fly-fishing, but each sport has its mysteries which only the expert can interpret.

Therefore I shall have my narks, if I may borrow a term from Scotland Yard. The nark, as all good Edgar Wallace fans will realise, is a police informer. He is on the inside. He knows. So I shall have my Wimbledon nark, my Henley nark, my narks at St. Andrews and the White City and Hurlingham. They will keep me informed. I will keep you informed. A very happy party.

AND think what this summer has in store for us, how widely sport ranges, how varied are our sources of entertainment.

When you read this, the revels will have started. The hard court championships at Bournemouth will be over, and possibly at the very moment your eyes absorb these words of mine, the ladies of Great Britain will be striking their first powerful blows in the golf match against the ladies of America at Gleneagles.

Cricket will be in full swing, and doubtless I shall have stood shivering in the winds of early May at Worcester, watching All India playing the first serious match of their tour.

HERE let me insert a cricket stop-press. Last Wednesday I travelled to Gravesend to see the Indians in action against A. P. Freeman's team. It was a pleasant prelude to the season proper, and the Bat and Ball ground, green and informally charming, made an ideal setting for so friendly an occasion.

The Indians did enough to show that they have the makings of a formidable side. Their batsmen are wristy, quick-footed, courageous. Of the newcomers I particularly liked the look of Mushtaq Ali, Amar Nath, L. P. Jai, and C. Ramaswamy, the lawn-tennis player, a left-hander who cracks the ball through the covers with proper vehemence. Wazir Ali, unfortunately, was crocked and unable to turn out, but we had a brief glimpse of Major C. K. Nayudu, a beautiful batsman, as he reminded us with one square cut of superbly controlled power. On the fast wickets of June and July the Indians, I fancy, will get plenty of runs, and their bowling is by no means negligible.

You remember, no doubt, the giant Mohammed Nissar, a fast bowler who caused havoc at Lord's at the beginning of an England innings in 1932. Nissar is still fast, a better bowler of the type, I should say, than any we have over here. Then there is Amar Nath, medium pace, with a queer action and control of length and swerve, and Nayudu, medium right-hand, and Palia, slow left-hand, are others who may trouble us.

If the Nawab of Pataudi and Amar Singh were playing for All India, I think England might find it difficult to win the rubber of three-day Test matches. It is at least certain that our visitors will add colour and variety to an already promising summer.

THE cricket season, indeed, promises to be lively and full of interest, not only because our Indian friends will keep us stirring, but because in the autumn an M.C.C. team goes to Australia in search of the Ashes. So we shall be looking for young players, for the bowlers who understand the implications of length, the batsmen who have courage as well as technique, the fieldsmen who make an art of a necessity.

It does not pay to be unduly optimistic. England's performances against South Africa last year were not altogether

Austin Reached the Bournemouth Final

This picture of H. W. Austin, playing with his streamlined racquet, was taken during practice for the Bournemouth Hard Court Championship. Austin beat Jones, Wheatcroft, Malfroy, and Lee in the early rounds at Bournemouth. In Saturday's final he met the holder, Fred Perry

Right: Simpson's of Piccadilly, which opened last week, gave an inauguration banquet at Grosvenor House. Mr. Alexander Simpson presided; in the picture are R. W. V. Robins, P. G. Fender, A. P. Chapman, T. Haddingham, and I. G. Peebles, representing cricket—a few of many notables present

The Simpson Banquet

Below: Percy Alliss, the celebrated Beaconsfield golf professional, has left Buckinghamshire for Leeds. Members of the Beaconsfield club made a farewell presentation of a silver tray to Alliss—he is receiving it from the captain; Miss Diana Fishwick and Miss Wanda Morgan are seated in the foreground

Percy Alliss has left Beaconsfield

encouraging. We have to find a Hobbs, a Colin Blythe, a Larwood, a Frank Woolley. Our embryo giants are few and far between. Hutton, of Yorkshire, Hardstaff of Notts, Smith of Derbyshire, Human of Middlesex, Holmes of Surrey, Mitchell-Innes of Oxford—are these and their like of the same quality as their great predecessors? It would not appear so, and yet I fancy the cricket pendulum begins to swing upwards. We have been in the doldrums, but we are gathering way. In short, having no more metaphors to mix, I think quite cheerfully of our cricket prospects.

THERE are, however, other summer sports. Lawn tennis, for example, and again the questions pop up on every side. Will Perry's back stand up to it? They say it is sound. Will Austin's stamina consolidate his perfect style? He is happily confident. Will Crawford of Australia find his real form, and has Quist advanced as a singles player, or must we discount the significance of his victories against a probably stale Crawford?

How good this year is Señorita Lizana, the little champion from South America? And will Miss Round, really fit again, or the dashing Miss Stammers, growing more consistent, win the Ladies' title for us?

These are early days for such pointed speculation. Tennis players wisely work with deliberate care towards the peak of their form only when Wimbledon approaches.

Wimbledon begins on June 22nd, a long way ahead. That same momentous day the golfers start their Open Championship at Hoylake, with the American invasion doubtless as formidable as ever. In the meanwhile we shall have seen Great Britain playing America at polo for the Westchester Cup at Hurlingham on June 10th, we may have cast a friendly eye upon some rowing in Eights Week at Oxford and May Week at Cambridge. There are some notable cricket matches due, and we must record the duffer's fortnight on certain trout streams where the mayfly is abundant.

THEN athletics, with the A.A.A. Championships at the White City in July, and the Olympic Games in Berlin during August—here is an important aspect of sport which we shall follow closely. My White City nark is cheerful but non-committal at the moment, but he will talk in due course.

AND boxing. There is sure to be some boxing, though if it is as pitiful a fiasco as the Petersen-McAvoy fight we do not care over-much. What a travesty of a fight that was, to be sure! McAvoy did not help it along a great deal, and there are those who ascribe the blame to him entirely. I disagree. A champion would have known how to deal with him, but Petersen was flummoxed. Petersen won, right enough, but how Joe Louis would have laughed! And what a mess Kid Lewis, for that matter, would have made of either Petersen or McAvoy that evening!

Still, we shall see. Petersen may fight Neusel soon, and there his natural aggression will have a chance. Neusel is big and strong—too big and strong, some say, for Petersen. Would he have been too big and strong for Bob Fitzsimmons, you ask, and Bob weighing under thirteen stone? Well, since you put it like that, perhaps not, but why in the name of the old bruisers of England can't we find a heavy-weight?

French Tennis Star

Mme. Sylvia Henrotin, seen here with her son, is one of the first strings of French tennis. She has twice been runner-up in the Wimbledon doubles ('32 and '34), and beat Betty Nuthall in the fourth round at Bournemouth last week

Spanish Tennis Star

Señorita Anita Lizana is champion of Chile. With her is Miss Jackson, who acts as interpreter over here. Señorita Lizana is to make a big bid at Wimbledon, competing in tournaments every week from now till then

Amateurs at Deal : The English Championship

Major Whitley Lavarack, secretary of the English Golf Union, C. F. Griffin, and Major P. C. Burton, newly-elected president of the English Golf Union, at Deal

L. G. Crawley (Brancepeth Castle), an ex-English champion, with W. V. Wakefield (Chelmsfield). Crawley's heavy defeat by Lister Hartley was unexpected

R. B. Clough (Eltham Warren) beat G. Illingworth (Littlehampton) in the first round by one hole. Illingworth lost to P. W. L. Risdon in the second round

J. S. F. Morrison on Golf

The English Amateur Championship

THE English Amateur Championship was played this year on the links of the Royal Cinque Ports Golf Club at Deal. From the spectator's point of view, this course is admirable for a championship; with the assistance of a naval range-finder, from the club verandah it is possible to watch every shot at the first and second holes, and every shot, except the tee shots, at the eighteenth hole, consequently the nineteenth- or twentieth-hole matches can be watched without having to walk a step. As usual in a championship by match play the nineteenth hole and holes beyond it had to be played on numerous occasions, and several of the mighty were slain on them after many thrills and much excitement.

ANOTHER point in favour of the links at Deal for championship play is that the organisation for the accommodation and well-being of a paltry 246 golfers is child's play to a club whose staff annually deals with an entry of well over 400 players in the Halford-Hewitt Cup tournament. The secretary of the Royal Cinque Ports Golf Club, Bernard Drew, appeared to find the running of a championship no more difficult than that of a monthly medal competition. The thanks of the spectators as well as the players are due to Drew, whose efficiency was responsible to a very large extent for the comfortable way in which players were enabled to play, and to rest between rounds.

When I went to Deal I held the opinion that there was only one man playing in this championship who is worthy of a place in our Walker Cup team, and I saw nothing to make me change my views. It is true L. G. Crawley was badly beaten by Lister Hartley and did not play very well, but I still think he is more likely to win a match at Pine Valley than any of his rivals in this English championship.

AS I write there are still two more days' play and the names of the last eight players are not yet known. On the Wednesday there were many good and exciting matches, and it saw the departure of Roger Wethered, who was beaten by Sidney Banks, a very good and reliable golfer from Yorkshire, and one who has before now knocked out ex-Walker Cup golfers. Francis Francis was also defeated on the same day by W. H. Macdonald, of Enfield. Macdonald is a good player, a great fighter who looks as if he was enjoying himself, and a fine holer-out; he seldom misses the putts which we expect him to hole, and holes many which would be considered flukes if holed by the majority of golfers. Macdonald was three up at the turn, but Francis' great length told on the way home and the match stood all square on the eighteenth tee. Francis got the par four at the last hole, but it availed him not at all, as Macdonald put his second about five feet from the hole and putted normally for him. It is extraordinary how some players play a particular hole time after time, either very well or very badly, and never vary. This three against Francis was the fourth consecutive time Macdonald had holed this hole of 423 yards in three strokes.

ANOTHER great match in the third round was that between R. H. Oppenheimer and Eric Martin Smith; Oppenheimer, after some give and take golf, was finally one up on the eighteenth tee, and both players were under the bank just short of the green in two. I wrote in my articles on the Halford-Hewitt Cup how important it is at Deal from similar positions to use a putter or straight-faced club. Oppenheimer elected to play with a lofted club, completely fluffed the shot and saw his ball run a few feet up the bank and back again to practically the same place from which it started, and lost the hole to a five. They say Dame Fortune never forgives, so this match must have been the exception which proves the rule as Oppenheimer finally holed a very difficult and gallant putt over a ridge to win at the twenty-first hole.

WHEN you get only thirty-two players left in a championship you surely are entitled to expect a large number of close matches, consequently it was strange to see that no less than seven matches out of the last sixteen ended in victories by five holes or more, including the defeat of Crawley by five and four by Lister Hartley. H. G. Harrison, who, like Macdonald, entered from Enfield, holed six holes in three out of the first eleven in his fourth-round match against Rex Hartley. Rex Hartley, however, fought back most gallantly, only to throw away glorious chances of victory at the eighteenth and nineteenth holes.

There is no doubt that the last eight will all be good players and that every one of them has thoroughly deserved his place. When you find that no mediocre golfer has found his way into the last eight, I always think it throws great credit on the course. The links at Deal certainly came out of the test with honours. Long driving always should reap its own reward, and I know of few courses where it benefits the player more than at Deal. There may be a certain amount of luck about some of the shots, but those which are correctly played practically never receive ill treatment.

This England . . .

BENEATH the rush and scurry of life today, this England guards a leisured pulse. It comes of an instinctive knowledge that the good, enduring things of life cannot be hurried in their making. You find this measured beat in the life of the farm, controlled by the slow march of the seasons; in the thatcher's reed that must be "so" in order that his roofs shall last their customary pair of centuries. You find it in the brewing of Worthington—a tradition of that same countryside; a slow, unhurried progress to a grand fulfilment. Out of the soil that bred the race comes your Worthington — honest, mellow, comforting.

Weddings of the Week

Weikersheim — Windisch-Graetz

Prince Franz Weikersheim and Princess Irma Windisch-Graetz were married at St. Stephen's Cathedral, Vienna. He is the son of the late Prince Charles Weikersheim and Princess Weikersheim; she is Prince and Princess Hugo Vinzenz Windisch-Graetz's only daughter. They are coming to live in London

Barclay — Parker

Michael Barclay is the elder son of the Rev. Humphrey and Mrs. Barclay; Vivienne Parker is the daughter of the late Cecil Parker, and of Lady Lever, of Warfield, Berks. They were married at St. James's, Piccadilly

Ducas — Hay

Left: Robert Ducas, of the U.S.A., married Mrs. Archie Hay at the Caxton Hall Register Office. She is the daughter of the late Herbert Stourton and the Hon. Mrs. Stourton — her mother is Viscount Southwell's sister

Johnston — Collins

Madeleine Collins, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Leopold Collins, of Folkestone, was married at Chelsea Old Church to Patrick Johnston, Seaforth Highlanders, son of the late Lt.-Col. Johnston, and Mrs. Johnston

Otter-Barry — Tollemache

Francis Otter-Barry, the eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. Otter-Barry, of Essex, married Sheila Joyce Tollemache at St. Margaret's, Westminster. She is the second daughter of the late Hon. Stanhope Tollemache and Mrs. Tollemache

Oranmore — Kindersley

Lord Oranmore and Browne married Mrs. Oonagh Kindersley at the Marylebone Register Office. He is the fourth Baron; the new Lady Oranmore and Browne was Oonagh Guinness, the daughter of the Hon. Arthur and Mrs. Guinness, of 17, Grosvenor Place, S.W.1, and a niece of the Earl of Iveagh

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THE CLOTHES built by Pope & Bradley have not yet reached our ideal of perfection. That is because we are a firm of very high ideals.

Since men are so conventional about their clothes, styles alter but little, and any attempt at an extreme departure from tradition is considered bad form.

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The changes in men's clothes are slight, but they must be observed. That is why we are constantly experimenting with new ideas, new materials.

Seven years ago we experimented with slide fasteners on trousers—fortunately the experiments were confined to our staff. The early models proved faulty, so were not recommended to our customers. Recently, however, the perfect, fool-proof " Lightning " fastener has been produced. Having learnt the right way to build these into the trousers, we now endorse them, since they cause the trousers to hang better and give them a cleaner—and more artistic—line.

Although our clothes have not reached the pinnacle of our own ideals, they are by normal standards considered extremely good. Certainly they fully justify the somewhat high prices that we charge.

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The English Championship at Deal

Six Days of Golf: More than 230 Entries

Left: John de Forest (Addington) and Stanley Lunt (Moseley): de Forest lost in the first round to Stowe, the Penn artisan player

Right: four more championship competitors were A. L. Bentley (Hesketh), J. W. Jones (Grange Park), Graham Dottridge (Woodcote Park) and R. W. Upex (Shirley Park)

W. Fraser (Woolton—in white sweater) lost to Gordon Baynton (Blackwell) at the twenty-third hole in the first round

A. C. R. Stephenson (Northumberland—left) lost to Colin B. Booth (Sonning) in the long, long first round

Gerald Russell (right) was playing on his home course when he beat T. L. H. Jackson (Chislehurst) by 6 and 5

H. A. Wardle (Hollinwell, Notts.) lost to R. N. Harrison (Chesterfield) by 4 and 2 in the first round at Deal

Left: Kenneth Braddon (Beaconsfield) lost to P. W. L. Risdon (Coombe Hill) by four and three in the first round

Right: R. S. Belasco (North Foreland) lost to D. H. Yorath (West Hill) at the nineteenth hole

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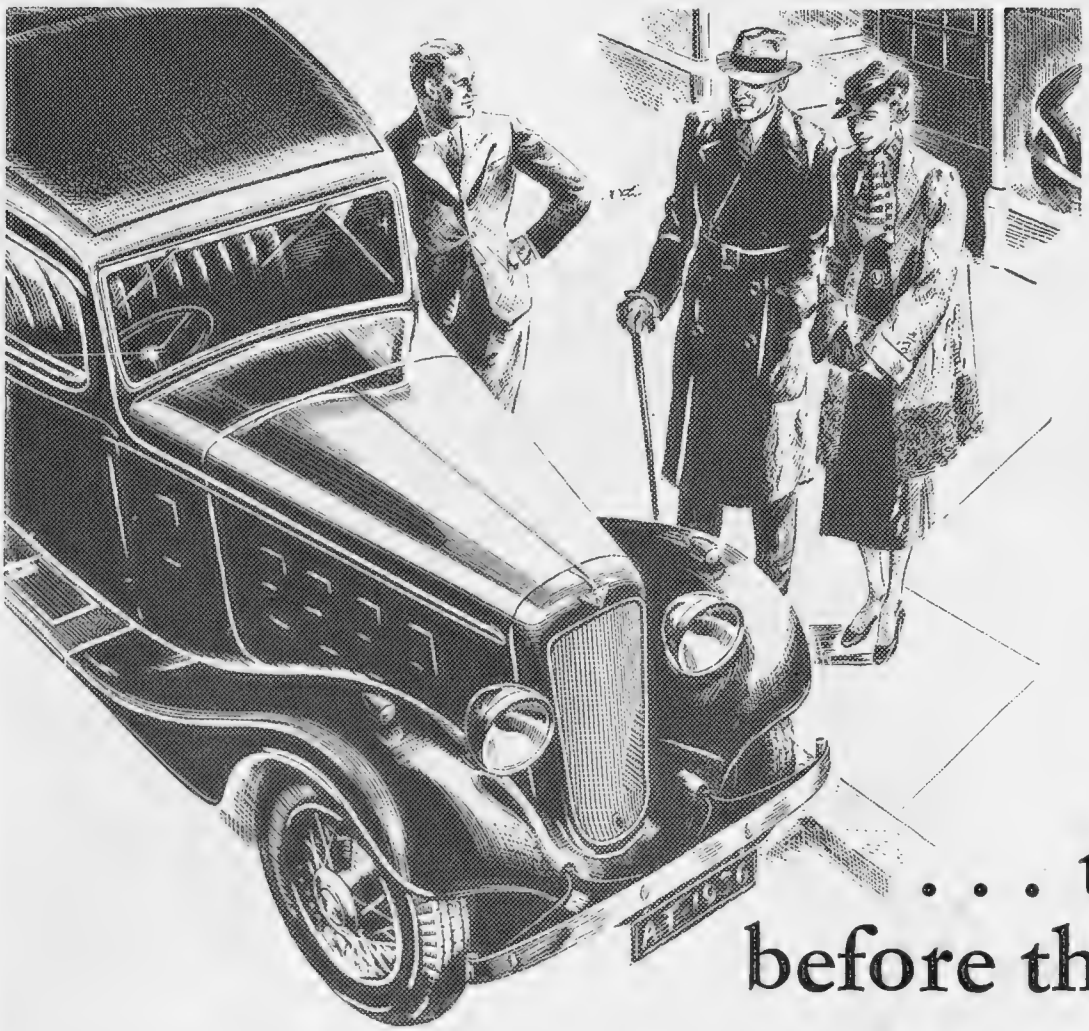


. . . the cart before the horse

"If I choose a car on appearance and price alone, how can I be sure about its quality?"

"Well, sir, have you ever thought how second-hand prices reflect the value of cars first-hand?"

"I can't say I've given it much thought."

"Look at it in this way. A used car is priced according to the demand there is for it. The demand is great only when the buyer can reasonably expect to get a lot of service from that car."

"That's logical. But is there a car in great demand which commands a higher resale price than others of its type?"

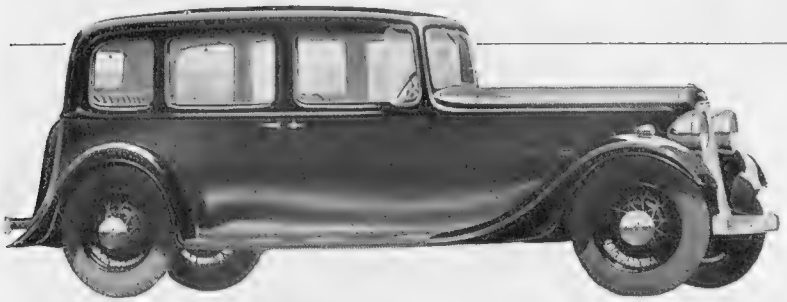
"Yes. If you follow used car prices carefully, you'll find that the Austin always sells well."

"And the inference is . . ."

"That motorists who know a thing or two realise that Austin cars are soundly built. They give no trouble and cost little to maintain—and their performance is not short-lived. They're a real quality job. So there's always a demand for an Austin—new or second-hand."

"Which suggests that when I want a new car, I consider the price of old ones?"

"Yes. It sounds like putting the cart before the horse—but it's a good practice to follow."



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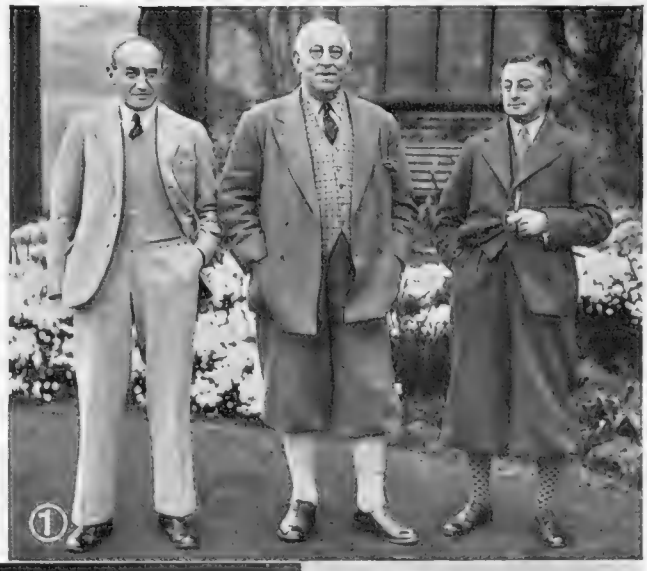
A View of the Club-house

(1) L. T. Batson, F. J. Pettyfer (secretary) and B. C. Taylor. (2) A. C. Sharpe (committee member) and G. T. Breach. (3) E. H. Banfield and A. H. Self (committee member). (4) A. Fraser Maclean and F. Menning. (5) Col. W. Langmuir Watt and S. R. Walker (committee member). (6) H. Newton Knights, David Scott and E. Mumford. (7) Dr. W. Oxenham and J. W. Kent. (8) E. G. Parker (steward) and W. R. Thomson (professional)



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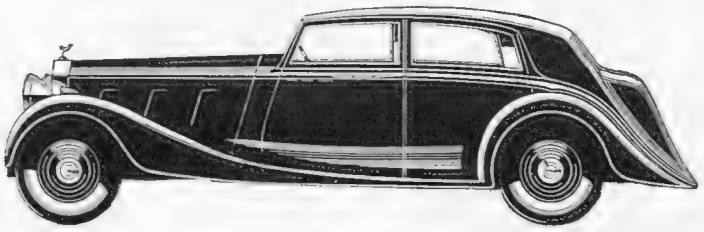

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Cars with a Personality

The New Talbot "Ten": By The Earl of Cardigan

THE words "Talbot 'Ten,'" in the ears of a motorist of experience, have a familiar ring about them. Shortly after the war there appeared a 10-h.p. Talbot, which was then considered—and, I think, justly—to be about the best light car on the market. It may not have been a big seller; but everyone who drove it would always speak well of it.

Thus the new Talbot "Ten" has a great name to live up to. Old motorists will regard it critically, and expect a great deal of it. It *has* to be a good car—and I must say that, after driving it, I think it is.

ONE'S first impression is of its very low build, the chassis frame being slung beneath the rear axle. This, of course, makes for great stability, and gives sufficient head-room in spite of the low overall height of the coachwork. If there is any shortage of space it seems to me to be rather in the matter of elbow-room. Outsize passengers might welcome an extra inch or two.

The engine, a four-cylinder side-valve unit, is notable for its liveliness. It gives this new Talbot a first-rate performance on the road. There is always plenty of acceleration, and never any sign of "fussiness." The maximum speed is about 70 m.p.h., with 50 m.p.h. available in third gear—figures which, for a 10-h.p. car, are decidedly impressive.

The Talbot "Ten" is a small car of striking appearance. The continuous line of window, lacking the usual central pillar, creates an effect which is very pleasing

THE gear-box is of that excellent type which provides synchro-mesh engagement for all four ratios. As I have said before, to have only *some* of the gears synchro-meshed is not a strictly logical arrangement. The all-synchro-mesh gear-box, such as is fitted to the Talbot, gives the advantage that every possible gear-change is equally simple and equally "crash-proof."

The feature, however, which will probably do most to gain friends for this new "Ten," is the admirable way in which it holds the road. It is one of those cars which can be driven with confidence, even on first acquaintance. No matter what the speed, it remains always perfectly under control, and will give the driver no moment of anxiety.

Its low build is by no means the only factor making for this general sense of controllability. The springing of the Talbot is extremely good, for it is firm without being at all hard. The steering is just what it should be—light in action, and yet having a distinct self-centring effect.

THE brakes are excellent. They are of the duo-servo type, and very powerful; but their action is at no time fierce. The coachwork, if not roomy, is decidedly well planned, and the best possible use is made of the space available. The price of the sports saloon, with very full equipment, is £265—at which figure this newcomer to the light-car class should be assured of a wide measure of popularity.

Below: the spare wheel is neatly housed under the sloping rear panel. The luggage-platform is of sufficiently sturdy design to carry safely a substantial load

The wide door and the tilting front seat make for easy access to the back of the car. The available space is very well planned and the central arm-rest is an asset

Right: this view gives an idea of the exceptionally low build of the car, which is due to the frame being slung below the rear axle. The low centre of gravity naturally makes for unusual stability

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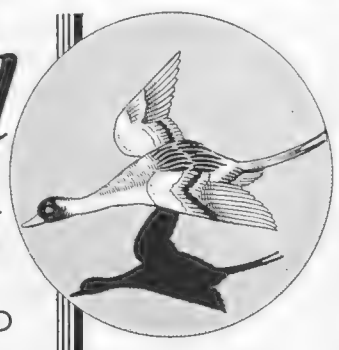

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Women's Golf

America Arrives : By Eleanor E. Helme

DEAR BYSTANDER,

SUPERLATIVES are likely to run short this week, for each day since I wrote you last has eclipsed the one before in enjoyment, or interest, or something worth relating.

For instance, having seen Miss Bridget Newell's level fours for the thirteen holes of her match against Mrs. Garon, in the Wilton Shield at Walton Heath, I was inclined to think that day's golf would fill this letter. Then came the Americans at Sandy Lodge, and Miss Wethered's two under fours for fifteen made me want to describe that sunny, jolly day in detail. And then—the best last—was the invitation day at Leeds Castle, with some of the cream of women, professional, amateur and all the American side, *and* the Castle and all its wonders, seen on the first really spring day.

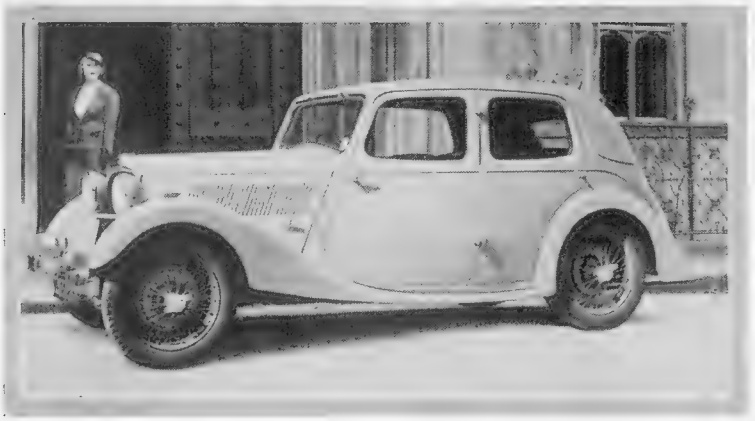
THERE was quite a taste of sunshine, under a cloudy sky, at Walton Heath, and it was real good going on the part of the Legals to beat U.S.—which, in this case, means United Services. Medical beat Parliamentary, which was rather unavoidable, but U.S. and Medical have fought out so many finals, and nobody else's names have ever arrived on the Shield, that everyone had a hope Legal would go one further and win. That did not happen but, after all, this is the Medicals' year of Jubilee, and nobody grudges them their win. Miss Newell's golf was the best I have ever seen her play: not the meteoric stuff she has played sometimes, but truly brilliant, because you could see it was produced by sound methods, in particular the shots up to the hole. Have you ever seen a woman green high in two at the 4th; or right home twice in the day at the 8th on the Old Course? Mrs. Garon played reasonable, high-class golf, perhaps a little unwound after her 65 at Ranelagh the day before, but still good enough to have beaten a great many; Miss Newell fell on her and devoured her by 6 and 5. There was a great first nine holes in 36 from Mrs. Cavendish Fuller, too.

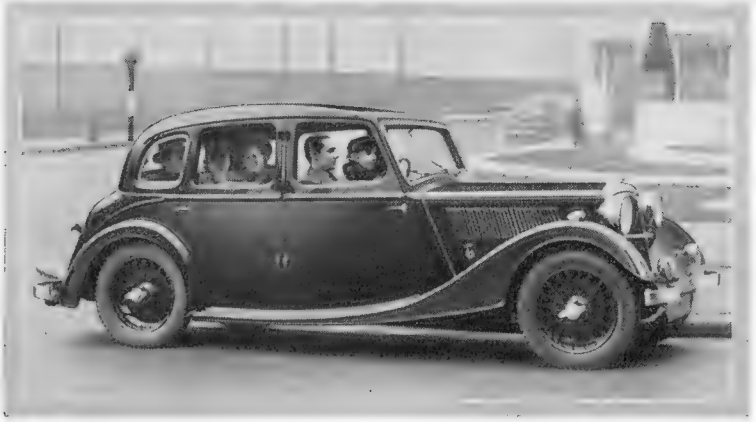
(*Continued on page* viii)

American drive: Patty Berg, the eighteen-year-old schoolgirl member of the U.S. Curtis Cup team, puts all her force into her drive, finishing with hands high and club-head low

English drive: Joyce Wethered seems to rely more on style and swing, finishing with club level. As often as not, she out-drove Patty Berg, who is watching on the left

A double event at the Riley factory





the new Nine

MOST car manufacturers are quite satisfied to produce a good selling model once every other season. At Riley's we produced a car in 1927 (the original "Nine") which remained a volume line for EIGHT seasons! We confess therefore to more than usual satisfaction—and some surprise—at now finding that we have apparently hit upon two successes in the same manufacturing year. Of course Production and Planning say that it is entirely due to their foresight that within the last two years the plant has been entirely remodelled to deal with twice the normal Riley output. Unkind people say it is just like Riley's to have all the luck. Anyway, there it is—with the new Nine at £269 and the 5-seater 6-light Adelphi at £350 we seem to have "struck it rich". Dunlop Tyres and Triplex Glass all round. Riley (Coventry) Ltd., Coventry.

and the 6-light Adelphi

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What's On (*Continued from page D*

CONCERTS (*Continued*)

KATHLEEN COLLINS.—A Beethoven piano sonata recital: Wigmore Hall, Mon., 11th, 8.30.

TESSA RICHARDSON.—With the London String Players, Margaret Hodson, and Howard Ferguson, conducted by Herbert Menges: Wigmore Hall, Tues., 12th, 8.30.

DANCING AND DINING

DORCHESTER.—The Follies of 1936 include the Starlets, Florine McKinney, Naunton Wayne as compère, and two funny men; Jack Jackson's band: extension, Thursday.

GROSVENOR HOUSE.—Mangan's all-American cabaret, with comedy numbers, as the show; Syd Lipton plays for dancing: extension, Thursday.

LANSDOWNE HOUSE.—Has a good band (Brian Lawrence's), and you can dance in any clothes: no cabaret.

MAY FAIR.—The jardin fleuri cabaret changes fortnightly, and the turns take turns with dancing; Harry Roy's band plays: extension, Friday.

NEW CLARGES RESTAURANT.—Here you eat and talk—there 's no music or dancing; the food and wines are excellent.

ODDENINO'S.—Dancing and cabaret in the restaurant; beer and Bohemianism in the famous brasserie.

PRUNIER'S.—Fish-foods are the specialities, but you can eat what you please, and the wine list is also excellent; no music.

RITZ.—Café chantant is another word for good cabaret; Joe Kaye's band plays: extension, Wednesday.

SAN MARCO.—There 's no cabaret, but two excellent bands—Len Hay's and the Florida Night-Owls till 11, and then the Krakajax, with Judy Shirley; one must dress to dance: extension, Wednesday.

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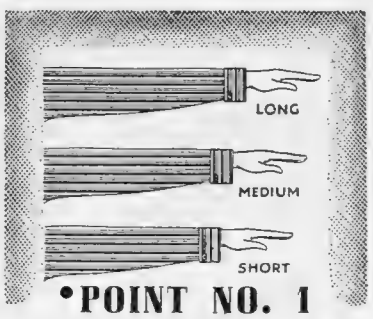

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Women's Golf (*Continued from page* vi)

After lunch Miss Newell fell from grace for a time, and allowed Miss Gourlay to get three up on her; but she came again with the real stuff at the finish, reached the 18th in two, and won there.

So to Sandy. Miss Dix Perkin had arranged a delightful day, the sun shone on all the gay American colours, and Miss Wethered in the afternoon gave Miss Miley, who partnered her in the four-ball, and Mrs. Vare and Miss Wilson, who opposed them, a real treat by playing golf as only she can play it, all except a few short putts at the beginning. Half-way round she began to sink them, had three two's and, as aforesaid, fifteen holes from tiger tees, in fifty-eight. It was good to see our familiar friend, Mrs. Glenna Collett Vare, hitting the ball again, with that delicious little stamp of the foot, as it were, at the moment of impact. Miss Patty Berg, the baby of the team, is a hitter of fine shots and ought to be a nasty customer to tackle if she goes on stringing them together. Miss Gluting has a big reputation; so, for that matter, have all of them and I have no doubt they will do themselves much greater justice up at Gleneagles than it was possible for them to do so soon after landing.

As at Sandy Lodge, so at Leeds Castle; the four-balls under handicap were a little bewildering to get properly sorted in one's mind, but at the belated end of a perfect day, it was announced that Mrs. O. S. Hill, U.S.A., and Sam King, Knole Park's assistant "pro.", had won with a return of 7 up, after a tie with Miss Diana Fishwick and Lacey.

Conversation during the day was also bewildering, and apt to get mixed. "I call that too divine. Just look at the swans swimming through those arches. . . . Yes, Padgham does make the game look easy, and he's a putter into the bargain. . . . Norman, I believe; Henry VIII. stayed here. . . . When the Walker Cup team played here. . . . I wonder he didn't just pitch one of the six out of a window into the lake, it would have been simpler than— . . . Major Hutchison and Guy Campbell laid it out . . . My word, look at Bobby Locke; it's worth coming from Africa to get on the 18th three times in the day. . . . Lady Baillie was a Paget, sister of the Golden Miller one; another sister gave her this course and the tennis courts as a present . . . That's a glorious pitch of Glenna's . . . she goes all over Europe collecting the right tapestries for it. . . . Patty didn't play any loose ones like that yesterday . . . Oh, yes, wonderfully restored inside, French architect, Rattou, I think he is . . . Look at those daffs . . . put in a copy of an old staircase so that a party of archæologists . . . Isn't it good to see dear old J. H., and that's a real J. H. pitch. . . ." And so forth and so on.

Truly, if you want to see a glorious stately home of old England, the garden of England in blossom time and everything else that's typical and beautiful and that visitors ought to be shown, go to Leeds—the Kent one. And there the golf course is absolutely first class. I wonder what the American's thought of it all. Miss Cecil Leitch did us all a good turn by arranging the day; Sir Adrian and Lady Baillie by lending the course and giving their guests so delightful a time; and the Kent Playing Fields were the richer by over a hundred pounds at the finish of it. And now to Gleneagles.

Yours ever,

ELEANOR E. HELME.

Mrs. Maureen Orcut Crews played in the charity game organised by Sir Adrian and the Hon. Lady Baillie on the private course at Leeds Castle, near Maidstone. Watching her drive are Isabella Rieben, Abe Mitchell, and J. H. Taylor

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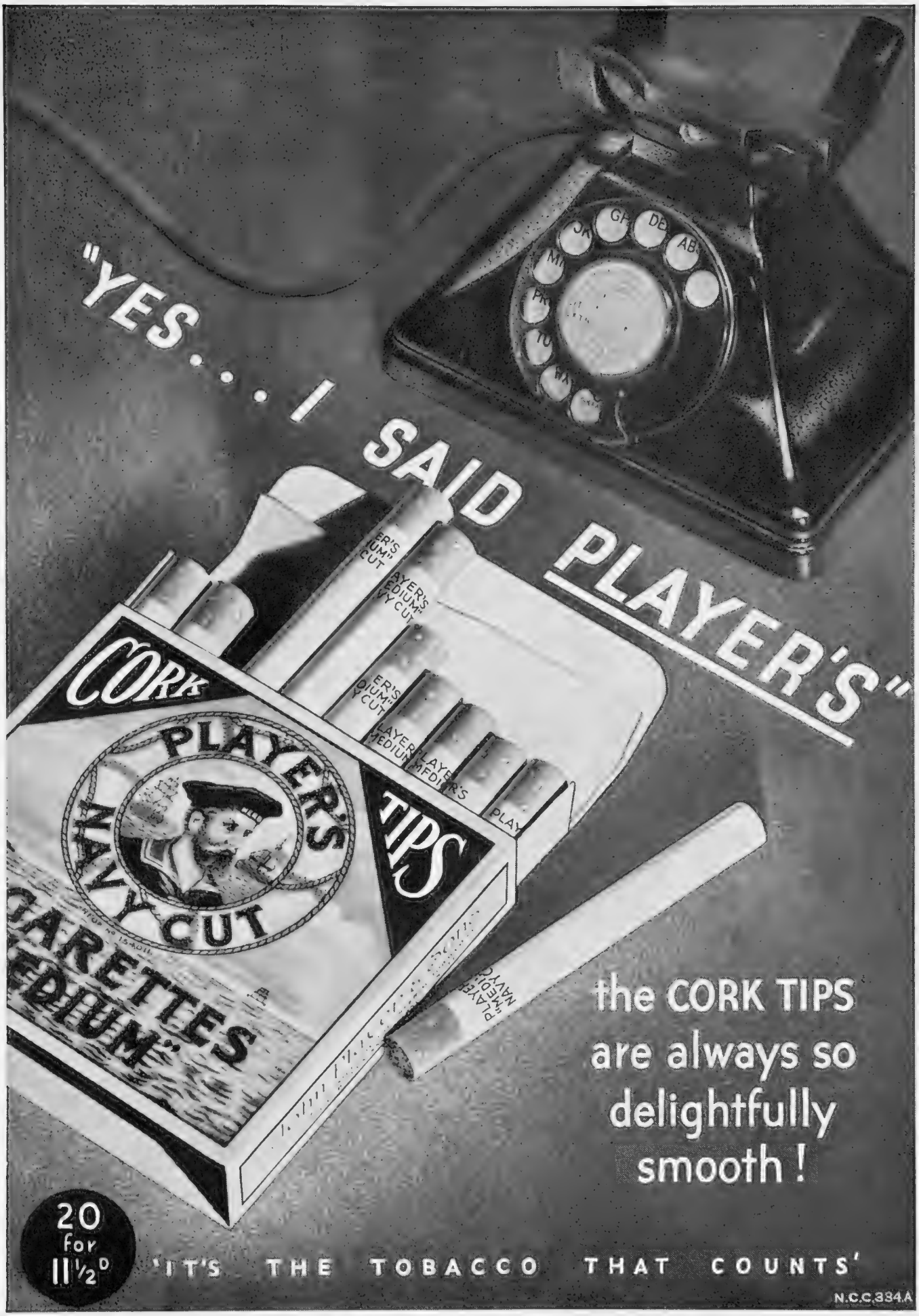
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Two Estates by the Sea

Goring Hall and Ham Manor

On the Sussex Coast, between Worthing and Littlehampton, two residential estates are now being planned which might well be taken as a model for the whole country. The natural advantages with which they start include a mile of perfect sea-frontage right off the beaten track, a magnificent avenue of ilex-trees and acres of lovely woodland.

Land likely to appreciate in value can be purchased freehold without onerous restrictions, and at a moderate outlay, amid surroundings of singular charm which form a perfect setting for the expression of taste and refinement in domestic architecture. The estate architects have themselves created some fine examples of beauty and dignity in designs which may be utilised by those wishing to do so, while a purchaser's own architect may be employed if desired.

Here is the opportunity to live an ideal country life, and yet be within easy reach of town; to enjoy the attractions of the sea, as offered by Goring Hall, and the pleasures, atmosphere and surroundings of an exclusive golf and Country Club as exemplified in the fine Goring Hall Golf Club at Ham Manor. Two golf courses of eighteen and nine holes respectively, and of more than ordinary merit, have been laid out by Mr. H. S. Colt, the famous golf course architect, and are now rapidly nearing completion. Tennis courts and riding stables will be attractive and popular adjuncts to the club-house, which is up-to-date to the last degree.

A visit of inspection is well worth while for anybody who is debating the claims of town and country in the matter of home choosing, if only for the fact that no exact counterpart of Goring Hall and Ham Manor exists in England at the present time. For instance, the sea-frontage and the land bordering it is scheduled as an open space in perpetuity and when both estates are built over to capacity, open space will predominate to a very substantial extent. Moreover, now that the Southern Railway line between Worthing and London has been fully electrified, the journey only takes one hour and twenty minutes.

Messrs. Hesketh Estates are at the present time in the initial stages of development in connection with Goring Hall and Ham Manor, and the choicest sites on either estate are therefore available to first-comers. Application for further particulars may be made to them at 381, Salisbury House, Finsbury Circus, London, E.C.2, or to Messrs. Duncan B. Gray and Partners, Goring Road, Worthing.

Charming houses in surroundings similar to those above can be had on the Sussex coast at the Goring Hall and Ham Manor Estates

The "Bystander" Ladies' Scottish Foursomes (13th Year)

at Turnberry G.C. (Arran Course), JUNE 9 to 12, 1936

Holders: Miss Cradock-Hartopp and Miss Newell.

Entries close Friday, May 22nd. Enter NOW

Open to all players, whether they are Scottish, Irish, Welsh, English, or Overseas. Entries will also be accepted from foreign competitors at their home handicaps.

CONDITIONS

Joint handicaps for any couple limited to 30 L.G.U. Couples over the limit may compete on the limit, handicap certificates to be shown before play.

Competitors may choose their own partners, and entries should be made in couples, stating handicaps, to reach Miss E. E. Helme, the Bystander Office, 32-34, St. Bride Street, E.C.4, not later than Friday, May 22nd.

The Bystander reserves the right to close the entry list before that date should more than 128 couples enter, but will accept entries beyond 128 couples and from these will fill any subsequent vacancies as far as possible.

Play under three-eighths of difference of combined handicaps, limited as above, in a knock-out match play tournament.

Halved matches to be played to a finish, strokes being taken at the same holes as in a complete round.

Challenge Cups (to be held for one year) and replicas will be given to the winners and prizes to the runners-up and unsuccessful semi-finalists.

HOTEL

The Bystander Headquarters for the Scottish Foursomes will be *Turnberry Hotel, Ayrshire*, where the special terms for competitors will be 15s. per day inclusive.

NATIONAL PLAYING FIELDS ASSOCIATION COMPETITION

The Competition for the National Playing Fields Association Challenge Cup and other prizes, conducted by the Scottish Ladies' Golfing Association, will be played at Turnberry during the Foursomes. ALL ENTRANTS FOR THE "BYSTANDER" SCOTTISH FOURSOMES and members of clubs affiliated to the S.L.G.A. ARE ELIGIBLE TO COMPETE.

CONDITIONS: Medal play under L.G.U. handicap. Entry fee, 2s. 6d. first card, and 1s. for every subsequent card. Entries received on day of play only.

TURNBERRY NO ENTRANCE FEE

ENTRY FORM

To reach Miss Helme, the Bystander Office, 32-34, St. Bride Street, E.C.4, by **Friday, May 22nd, 1936.**

The "BYSTANDER" Ladies' Scottish Foursomes at Turnberry, June 9th, 1936, and following days.

Please enter
Mrs. / *Miss* .....

of.....*Club.* *L.G.U. Handicap*.....

Home Address..... *Telephone No.* .....

To play in the above Handicap Foursomes at Turnberry with

Mrs. / *Miss* .....

of.....*Club.* *L.G.U. Handicap*.....

Home Address..... *Telephone No.* .....

Please notify change of address, handicap, or partner to Miss Helme as above, or after June 4th to her at Turnberry Hotel, Ayrshire. Telephone: 2 Turnberry.

All entries for the Bystander *Monthly Medal Competition must be accompanied by the coupon which appears in every issue of the* Bystander *during the current month.* **Coupons must be attached to the cards** *signed by the Hon. Sec. of the club, who must certify the scratch score of the course, and be addressed to the Golf Editor of the* Bystander, 32-34, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4, *to reach her not later than the first day of the following month.*

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Getting Married

The "Bystander's" Review of Weddings and Engagements

Marjorie Wright

Is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. G. M. Wright, of the Norard, Kingsgate, Thanet; she is engaged to Cyril Howard Brickhill, of Coombe Park, Whitchurch, Oxfordshire. They will be married at St. Peter with St. Thomas, Vere Street

Percy — Chamberlain

Alistair Jocelyn Percy, son of Maj.-General Sir Jocelyn Percy, K.B.E., C.B., C.M.G., D.S.O., and Lady Percy, and Mary Chamberlain, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. T. A. Chamberlain, of Flax Bourton, Somerset, were married at Wraxell, Somerset

Tennant — Barker

Clare Barker, daughter of Sir Ross and Lady Barker, of 6, Upper George Street, W.1, was married at St. George's, Hanover Square, to Mark Tennant, son of Mr. and Mrs. Roy Tennant, of White House, Haileybury

Joy Lonsdale

Is engaged to Lieut. G. C. I. St. B. S. Watkins, R.N., only son of Captain G. St. B. S. Watkins, and the late Dorothy Countess of Lanesborough; she is the elder daughter of the late Granville Lonsdale and Mrs. Battishill, of Singapore

Parselle — Lewis-Hall

Thomas Parselle, son of Major and Mrs. John Parselle, of Arcturus, Salisbury, Rhodesia, and Daphne Lewis-Hall, second daughter of Lieut.-Col. H. G. and Mrs. Lewis-Hall, of Vale House, Ash Vale, Surrey, were married at St. Peter's, Cranley Gardens

Foster — Egan

George Arthur Carey Foster, eldest son of the late Dr. and Mrs. G. M. Foster, married Margaret Barry Egan at St. James's, Spanish Place. She is the younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Barry Egan, of Charlotte House, Cork

Behrens — Arnold

Felicity Arnold, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Arnold, of 10, Edwardes Square, W.14, was married at All Saints', Ennismore Gardens, to Michael Behrens, only son of Mr. and Mrs. Noel Behrens, of Bailey Hill, Denham, Bucks.

Geoghegan — Griffith

Alan Denis Geoghegan, eldest son of Colonel and Mrs. O. A. Geoghegan, of Levethan, Blisland, Cornwall, and Zoë Clifton Griffith, eldest daughter of Mr. Clifton Griffith, of 53, Cornwall Gardens, S.W.7, were married at Holy Trinity, Brompton

Rowland — Heagerty

At St. Andrew's Cathedral, Singapore, Frank Edward Rowland, youngest son of the late Dr. and Mrs. F. M. Rowland, of Lichfield, Staffordshire, married Mary Patricia Heagerty, only daughter of the late W. T. Heagerty and Mrs. T. H. Holyoak

Martineau — Ritchie

At St. Mary's, Hambleden, John Edmund Martineau, eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. Maurice Martineau, of Walsham-le-Willows, Suffolk, married Catherine Ritchie, second daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William Ritchie, of Woodend House, Marlow

Bedford — Powell-Brett

Peter Ryland Bedford, son of the Rev. A. E. R. and Mrs. Bedford, of Carrick House, Wylde Green, Sutton Coldfield, and Dorothy Joan Powell-Brett, elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Bernard Powell-Brett, of Doddington Hall, Hampton-in-Arden, were married at Hampton-in-Arden

Dobbs — Stoker

Ann Elizabeth Stoker, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Noel Stoker, of 10, Clareville Grove, South Kensington, and Saltoms Cottage, Seaview, I.O.W., was married at Chelsea Old Church to Lieut. Arthur William Dobbs, R.N., son of Lieut.-Col. R. C. Dobbs, C.B.E., D.S.O.

Porteous — Dale

Alan Gordon Porteous, son of the late Major Archibald Porteous, and Mrs. Porteous, of The Meadows, Alva, Scotland, married Nora Dale at St. Bride's, Fleet Street. She is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Dale, of 48, The Ridgeway, N.W.11

Ford — McColl

Jean McColl, only daughter of Mr. A. L. McColl, chairman of the Vacuum Oil Co., of Bemersyde, Oakleigh Park North, N.20, married Donald Ford, elder son of Mr. and Mrs. G. E. Ford, of Heathfield, Granville Road, Finchley, at All Souls', Langham Place

Ponsonby-Fane — Dunsterville

Petronilla Dunsterville, only daughter of the late Graham Dunsterville, and Mrs. Dunsterville, of Manor House, Halse, Taunton, was married at St. Paul's, Knightsbridge, to Nicholas Clive-Ponsonby-Fane, son of the late Edward Clive and Mrs. Clive, of Brympton D'Evercy, Yeovil

Sturge — Greenaway

Harold Sturge, of The Grove, Shepperton, married Doreen Greenaway at Holy Trinity, Roehampton. She is the elder daughter of Sir Percy and Lady Greenaway, of Eastcott, Kingston Hill, Surrey. The Bishop of London officiated

The "Bystander's" Guide to London Amusements

May 6 — May 12

THEATRES

Comedy and Tragedy

AFTER OCTOBER.—Lively entertainment from polished acting of a polished plot (by Rodney Ackland). An impecunious family and its Micawber-like hopes have Mary Clare and Peter Godfrey to interpret: Criterion, 8.30. Tues., Sat., 2.30.

ANTHONY AND ANNA.—St. John Ervine's play (produced by Irene Hentschel) continues to offer some of the best light comedy in town—Harold Warrender and Jessica Tandy well supported by Morris Harvey and Fabia Drake: Whitehall, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

BEES ON THE BOATDECK.—"A light-hearted farcical comedy" is J. B. Priestley's description of his new play, which has Ralph Richardson, Laurence Olivier and Kay Hammond in it: Lyric, 8.40.

CALL IT A DAY.—Dodie Smith's entertaining play deals with family life as lived in St. John's Wood; Fay Compton, Owen Nares, and his son, Geoffrey, are in the cast: Globe, 8.15. Wed., Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

THE DOMINANT SEX.—The comedy (or tragedy) of opposed temperaments in marriage is the basis of this amusing piece that runs like the poet's brook; Diana Churchill and Richard Bird are the pair: Aldwych, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

DUSTY ERMINE.—Leonora Corbett finds heredity too strong in her relations—Dartmoor will out. David Horne and William Fox help this queer family drama on its way: Comedy, 8.30. Tues., Wed., Fri., 2.30.

THE FUTURE THAT WAS.—Mixture of philosophy and fun, this rather tangled play has good moments; scenes in 2121 A.D. and the present day; Eric Cowley and Sydney Fairbrother: Ambassador's, 8.30. Tues., Fri., 2.30.

GLASS HOUSES.—Patrick Waddington and Aileen Marson are newly-marrieds upset by the man's relations; a character piece of fairly good drawing: Royalty, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

THE HAPPY HYPOCRITE.—"Max's" Regency fantasy, adapted by Clemence Dane and delightfully decorated by Motley, makes the most charming piece in London; Ivor Novello, Vivien Leigh, and Isabel Jeans are in it: His Majesty's, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

LADY PRECIOUS STREAM.—A charming piece from the Chinese by S. I. Hsiung, played à la chinois. Esmé Percy, Thea Holme, and Viola Tree: Savoy, 8.30. Mon., Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

MURDER IN THE CATHEDRAL.—Robert Speight in T. S. Eliot's play about Thomas à Becket: Mercury, 8.30 (not Monday). Wed., Thurs., Fri., Sat., 2.30.

PARNELL.—Margaret Rawlings is Katie O'Shea and Wyndham Goldie is the Irish patriot in this play of the Irish rebellion: Gate, 8.30.

PRIDE AND PREJUDICE.—Jane Austen and her England successfully transposed to the stage in a charming entertainment with period settings by Whistler. Celia Johnson as Elizabeth Bennett, Dorothy Hyson as Jane, Leueen Macgrath as Lydia: St. James's, 8.30. Wed., Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

PROMISE.—Bernstein's family drama is as brilliantly acted as it is theatrically effective; Madge Titheradge, Barry Jones, and Edna Best head the fine cast: Shaftesbury, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

ST. HELENA.—A fine study by Sherriff and Miss de Casalis of Napoleon's last days; Keneth Kent is the Emperor, and the smaller characters all live: Daly's, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

THE SHADOW.—Competent piece of story-telling without any finer points; murder and compromise make the plot; Cecil Parker and Eileen Peel play it: Playhouse, 8.30. Tues., Thurs., 2.30.

TO-NIGHT AT 8.30.—Noel Coward's series of sketches (by no means sketchy) have new additions, and make the best light entertainment going, with the author and Gertrude Lawrence in the leads: Phœnix, 8.30. Tues., Thurs., 2.30.

WHITEOAKS.—Mazo de la Roche's novel, adapted by her, has amusing and touching moments; Nancy Price is Grandma Whiteoaks, Stephen Haggard is Finch: Little, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

WISDOM TEETH.—Beatrix Thomson, Edith Sharpe, and Ronald Adam in a fresh and entertaining play of first and second wife and the children concerned: Strand, 8.30. Thurs., 2.30.

Singing and Dancing

ALL ALIGHT AT OXFORD CIRCUS.—A hip-hooray kind of vaudeville with Harry Roy's band and lots of comic constellations: Palladium, 6.25 and 9. Wed., Thurs., 2.30.

FOLLOW THE SUN.—Cochran's 1936 revue is "first and last a spectacle"; décor by Ernst Stern, music by Arthur Schwartz, a ballet by Osbert Sitwell, Rumbaland Muchachos and Young Ladies are all parts of it: Adelphi, 6.30 and 9.

PLEASE, TEACHER!—Musical comedy with a girls'-school setting; Sepha Treble is a girl, Bobby Howes an intruding young man; and Vera Pearce and Bertha Belmore are in it: Hippodrome, 8.15. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

REVUDEVILLE NO. 75.—Comedian Barry Lupino and Eddie Hooper are newcomers to the cast, which includes all the Windmill favourites; a Milne and West duologue, a burlesque of the Queen Mary's sailing, and a Chinese tableau are amongst the attractions: Windmill, 1.20—11.30, non-stop.

SEEING STARS.—A slim story sends Leslie Henson into numerous predicaments and the audience into fits of laughter. Fred Emney, Hildegarde, and Louise Browne enhance the merriment: Gaiety, 8.15. Wed., Thurs., 2.30.

SPREAD IT ABROAD.—Herbert Farjeon's is the wittiest revue in town; do not miss Ivy St. Helier, Nelson Keys, and the ever-youthful Dorothy Dickson in it: Saville, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

THE TOWN TALKS.—Not so much to look at but better to listen to than Cochran's, this revue has June and Arthur Riscoe as stars; Vivian Ellis did the music: Palace, 6.30 and 9.

TWENTY TO ONE.—Long odds, but they win in this musical sporting farce with Lupino Lane and Clifford Mollison: Coliseum, 6.25 and 9. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

Mirth and Mystery

CHILDREN, TO BLESS YOU!—Jean Cadell is the mother of a charming but unruly family in this domestic comedy; Mary Newcomb is an unpleasant aunt: Duke of York's, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

THE FROG.—Robust thrills by Edgar Wallace and Ian Hay, in which Gordon Harker is a detective up against a terror that blows up various scenes; Jack Hawkins and a big cast emphasise the suspenses and reliefs: Prince's, 8.10. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

LOVE FROM A STRANGER.—Frank Vosper (who adapted the piece from Agatha Christie's novel) is a professional Bluebeard who gets Marie Ney into his clutches; good acting, plenty of thrills, and laughter by Muriel Aked: New, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30. (Transfers to Queen's on Monday.)

NIGHT MUST FALL.—Extraordinary character sketch of a cheerful young megalomaniac, written and acted by Emlyn Williams. Laughter, horrors and sympathy are well emphasised by Angela Baddeley and Dame May Whitty: Duchess, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

STORM IN A TEACUP.—Meatiest light comedy in town, by James Bridie and Bruno Franck; Roger Livesey and Sara Allgood are best of an amusing cast: Haymarket, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

THREE MEN ON A HORSE.—A great laugh from the U.S. in the shape of an old plot cleverly re-done; Romney Brent and Bernard Nedell lead the all-American cast: Wyndham's, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

THE TWO MRS. CARROLLS.—Hugh Miller and Elena Miramova in a piece of peculiar horror about murder for art's sake: Garrick, 8.30. Tues., Sat., 2.30.

First Nights

RISE AND SHINE.—Much-heralded Robert Stolz musical piece about "Moronia" and England has Binnie Hale, Jack Whiting, and Claude Dampier (as well as an autogiro) in the cast: Drury Lane, to-night, 6th.

BITTER HARVEST.—Catherine Turney's play is about Byron's relations with his wife; Eric Portman plays lead: St. Martin's, Tues., 12th.

CINEMAS

ANNE-MARIE.—Annabella learns to fly in this light and elegant French farce, and she teaches her instructor, Pierre Richard-Willm, a few things: Curzon.

DESIRE.—Director Frank Borzage brings out some new qualities in Marlene Dietrich without losing the old ones; glamour is still the word, and Gary Cooper sets it off well, though the pearl-thief story is routine: Carlton.

FOLLOW THE FLEET.—The new Astaire-Rogers-Berlin piece is strictly according to old recipe—but the ingredients are as good as ever: Plaza.

LIEBESMELODIE.—Another gay gala from Vienna, with old Hungarian songs and paternal fiddlers; Marta Eggerth entrances her escort, Rolf Wanka, by her singing, which really is good (Franz Lehar's music): Academy.

LITTLE LORD FAUNTLEROY.—Freddie Bartholomew is the little Lord, Dolores Costello his mother, and C. Aubrey Smith the old Earl in this new version of an old favourite: London Pavilion.

MODERN TIMES.—Chaplin's newest got past the critics, and it is very good, but too up-stage for Charlie's essence; all the same, he and Paulette Goddard should be seen as waifs of a machine age: Tivoli (last week).

SYLVIA SCARLETT.—Compton Mackenzie's novel makes a film with Katharine Hepburn, Cary Grant, Edmund Gwenn and Brian Aherne. A charming inter-play of character and characteristics: Regal.

THESE THREE.—A fine piece of film work, and one of the most polished productions of the year. Miriam Hopkins and Merle Oberon are young schoolmistresses; Joel McCrea makes the love tangle, and young Bonita Granville acts splendidly as a wretch of a child: Leicester Square.

TUDOR ROSE.—Meaty historical, all about Lady Jane Grey, an endearing and pathetic little figure (Nova Pilbeam), and some Renaissance toughs disguised as Warwick and Dudley (Cedric Hardwicke and John Mills). Also Sybil Thorndike, Gwen Ffrangçon-Davies and John Laurie: New Gallery.

WHEN KNIGHTS WERE BOLD.—Jack Buchanan and Fay Wray in Ye Olde English tale, adapted from the famous stage success: Marble Arch Pavilion.

WIFE VERSUS SECRETARY.—This film supplants the TALE OF TWO CITIES on Thursday; its title is its key. Clark Gable is the man, Myrna Loy the wife, Jean Harlow the secretary: Empire.

EXHIBITION

CHINESE ART.—The Eumorfopoulos Collection: Victoria and Albert Museum, 10—6 (free on Sundays).

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DAS RHEINGOLD.—To-night, 6th, 8.30.
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LA TOSCA.—Mon., 11th, 8.30.
SIEGFRIED.—Tues., 12th, 5.30.

SADLER'S WELLS:

LA TRAVIATA.—Wed., 6th, 8.
FAUST (with ballet).—Thurs., 7th, 8.
MADAME BUTTERFLY.—Fri., 8th, 8.
DIE FLEDERMAUS.—Sat., 9th, 8.

BALLET

OLD VIC:

BARABAU, LAC DES CYGNES, THE GODS GO A-BEGGING.—Sat., 9th, 2.30.

THE RAKE'S PROGRESS, BARABAU, BAISER DE LA FÉE.—Tues., 12th, 8.30.

CONCERTS

MORIZ ROSENTHAL.—Fourth and fifth of the historical "Bach to Brahms" series: Wigmore Hall, to-night, 6th, 8.30 (Schumann). Sat., 9th, 3 (Chopin).

ALANNAH DELIAS.—Piano works by Beethoven, Mozart, Chopin, Glazounov and Ravel: Wigmore Hall, Fri., 8th, 8.30.

(*Continued on page* vii)

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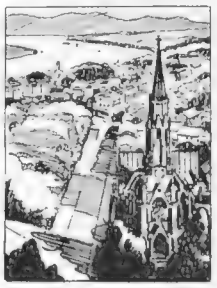

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11	8	×	9	2	..	Cream	Green	..	11	12	0
11	10	×	10	2	..	Tango	Green	..	13	1	0
12	3	×	9	1	..	Green	Camel	..	12	1	6
12	8	×	10	0	..	Light Blue	Camel	..	13	15	0
12	11	×	11	3	..	Light Blue	Cream	..	15	15	0
13	4	×	12	4	..	Camel	Green	..	17	17	0
13	5	×	10	6	..	Tango	Green	..	15	1	6
14	11	×	12	0	..	Rust	Camel	..	19	8	0
15	0	×	12	5	..	Cream	Light Blue	..	20	4	0
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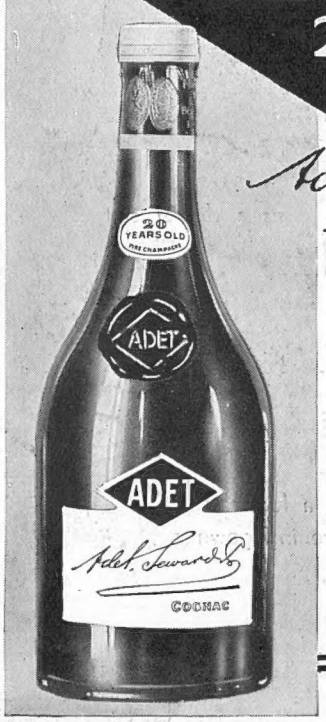

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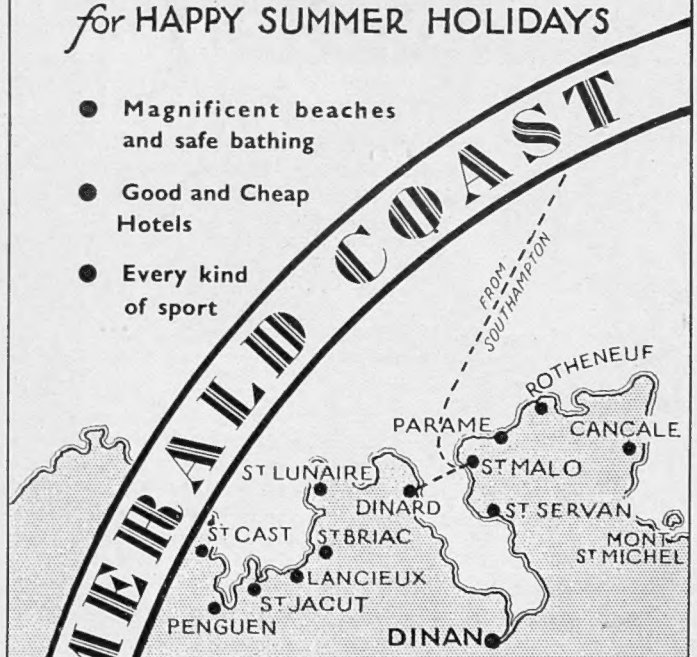

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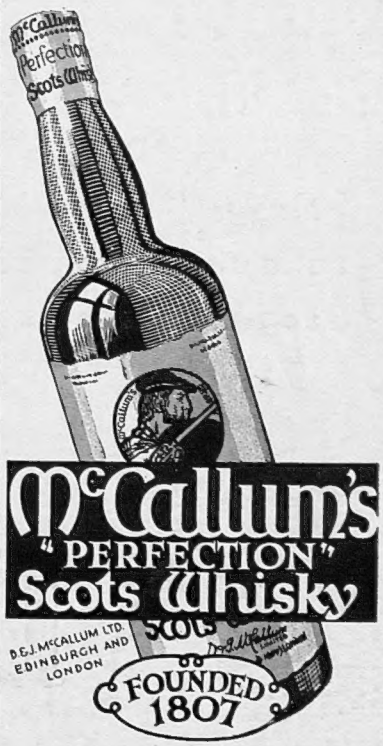

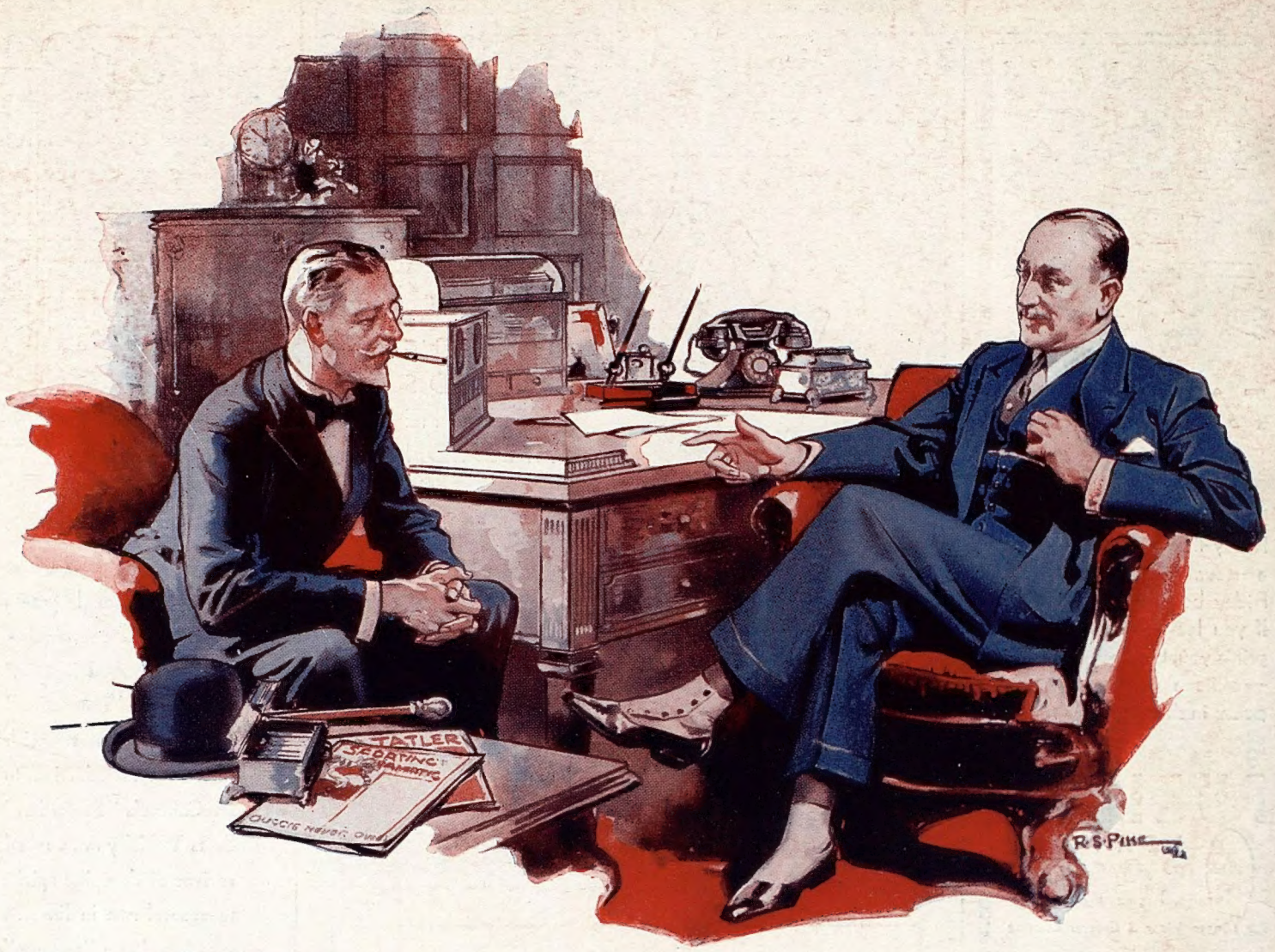

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